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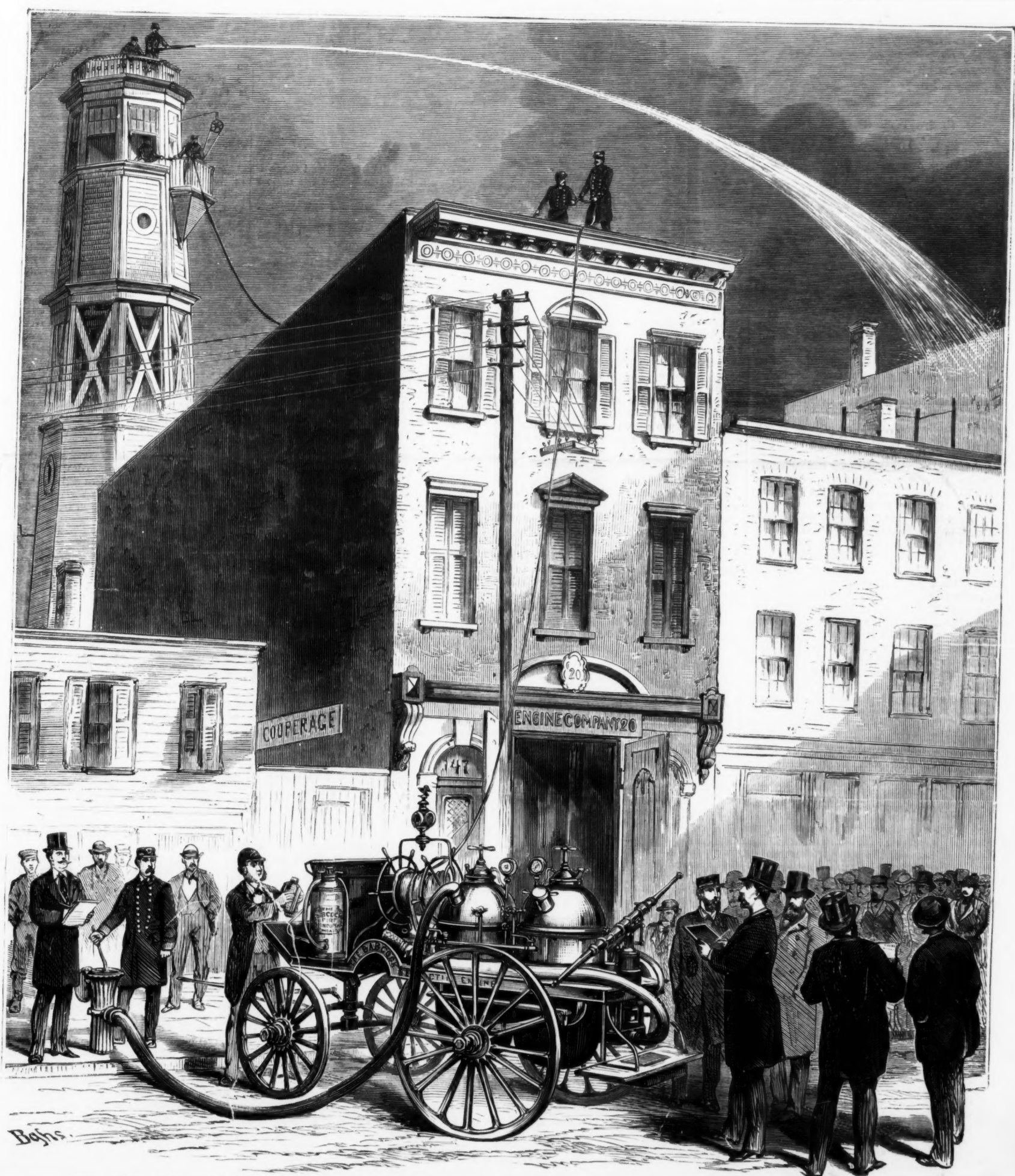
## NEWSPAPER

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No. 900—VOL. XXXV.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



NEW YORK.—THE BABCOCK SELF-ACTING FIRE-ENGINE ON TRIAL BEFORE THE BOARD OF FIRE COMMISSIONERS.—SEE PAGE 255.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

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## TO THE PUBLIC.

We have had in preparation for some time a large panoramic view of the ruins of the Great Boston Fire, which is intended to be presented gratuitously as a Supplement to this paper. The exciting events of the last few weeks, especially the death of Mr. Greeley, have created such a demand both upon our columns and our press facilities that we are still reluctantly compelled to ask the indulgence of the public for another week. The delay thus occasioned, however, will enable us to produce a much finer picture than if it were brought out in haste.

J. F. SMITH'S NEW NOVEL,  
"HARD TO WIN."

ALL lovers of a really good novel, by one who for years has commanded the interest of readers of English fiction, in a serial form, will be delighted at the announcement of a new novel by J. F. SMITH, whose portrait and biography will be found in this issue. The popularity of the London Journal is due, in no small degree, to his powerful novels, such as "Minniegrey," "Stanfield Hall," "Woman and Her Master," "Amy Lawrence." Since he has come to reside among us, the CHIMNEY CORNER has fortunately secured from his pen a novel of English and American life. This striking and deeply interesting tale, entitled "Hard to Win," begins in No. 396 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, now ready, with a very attractive gift-plate, "Fishing." It cannot fail to please, and needs no further commendation on our part, the constant success of the author making any commonplace encomium useless. It is a sterling novel by a writer of known and acknowledged ability.

## CHRISTMAS.

IN view of this day, which is revered in memory of His birth who is accepted as the Atonement by the Christian world, a few historical facts concerning the idea of an Atonement are not untimely.

It will be seen in all history that the inhabitants of every nation believe in the necessity for an atonement for sin before men can be justified by the Supreme Being. In every man's conscience there is something that points out to him he has offended God; and that some atonement must be made, either by himself or another. How the mild and humane mission of the Son of God, as Christ is accepted to be by His worshipers, modified the practice of men in regard to this idea of atonement, is strikingly seen in what is authenticated about the old Sacrificing Priests.

For example, we will recall the valley near Jerusalem, where Tophet was situated, where fire was perpetually preserved for burning the offals and bones of the dead bodies therein sacrificed—often sons, whom their parents used to immolate to the idol Moloch, dragging them with their own hands through the "funeral pyles," until death released the victims. At that day the Evil One, as well as Jehovah, had his priests, and preserved his sacrificial fires in the temples of his idols.

This Fire Sacrifice was an intense superstition, originating in the dragging of children through heaps of fire by priests and parents. To keep the fires perpetually alive on their altars was a great point even with the Romans, who looked upon its extinction as a sure prelude of the overthrow of their city—so with the Indians and the Brahmins, who "guarded the fire, on hearths ever burning." So with the old Israelites and Gentiles, who sacrificed sons and daughters to Demons, that is, to the graven images of Canaan. So with the Assyrians, who used to dance in the interim whilst a boy was being burned in the blazing fire, at the same time striking their timbrels to drown the shrieks of the sufferer.

The Druids are especially noteworthy here. The Druidical religion was at first a simple and harmless thing, which soon became corrupted by abominable rites and ceremonies. Their horrid record is somewhat relieved by the romance of the oak groves, the deep woods and uncultivated forests where, alone, they performed their rites. Among them was a barbarous custom of human immolation, whereby they divined from the laceration of limbs or the flow of blood. They also offered upon the altars the blood of their captives, and they judged of futurity by the fibres of their victims; also, by studying immolation,

and prophesying from entrails in the living human sacrifice; and from his veins; and so, too, they burned men and cattle, whole.

At the risk of horrifying the reader—yet as due to the abrupt contrast which we wish to make as between the Atonement of Christ and all other sacrifices—let us translate a pregnant passage from Tacitus, descriptive of some of these sacrifices and divinations.

He says: "When the bowels, after being just taken out, were found still panting, it was looked upon as the happiest of omens. . . . The victim, stripped naked and his head adorned with flowers, was chained with his back to an oak, opposite the place where the Arch-Druid stood, and, while their music was playing, the Druid walked forward, having first invoked the god to accept the sacrifice, and stabbed the victim in the bowels. It was sometimes many hours before he expired. In this way they sacrificed yearly their most beloved friends and sons."

And so with the bloody sacrifices to Saturn, when princes and great men offered up their beloved children to that idol; and when those who had none of their own purchased such, and for that purpose, of the poor. These people often cut open their victims alive, tore out their hearts and smeared the idol with the blood of the victim! Hume tells us in his "England" (1, 5,) that the Romans, after the Conquest, finding it impossible to reconcile the Gauls and Britons to more humane laws and institutions, abolished the Druidical system by penal statutes, a violence which had never, in any other instance, been practiced by those tolerating conquerors.

We are indebted to Hurd for the preservation of the incident which led to the extinction of Druidism in that part of England called Briton. Pursued by a Roman general to a consecrated grove, the Druids lighted up fires in their groves in order to consume the enemy. But the Romans took them prisoners, burnt many of them alive on their altars, and cut down their consecrated groves. From that time we have but few accounts of the Druids.

On "the holy happy day" all civilization rejoices in the birth of Christ, and in His sublime and simple record. All parties and creeds can agree on the basis of His Prayer and His Sermon on the Mount, and on His Parables; and every good soul reverences the purity and unselfishness of His mortal life, and all acknowledge the blessed influence which He has exerted for ever and ever. With him came first that heart sacrifice for Sin, which results in repentance, through which the regenerated soul looks forward to work out that absolute purity which the Master enjoined when He bade us to be perfect, even as our Father in Heaven is perfect.

But there is one thought due here which we would not repress if we could, and it is this: This Century cannot be condemned to sacrifice Philosophy to Religion, nor Religion to Philosophy. Heaven and Earth can act in concert. God is everywhere. There is no system of modern philosophy, no advance of science, which cannot be reconciled with Religion. It is through Christ that we are "made free" in more senses than one. The chains of Dogmatism are not less hateful than are the idols of Superstition.

## THE EMPIRE.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

THE Administration of General Grant begins its second term with signs and portents quite imperial, to say the least. A magnificent scheme of internal improvements is suggested which, made by the mighty arm of Federal power, shall bind the nation with bands of steel and iron to the Federal head. New sloop-of-war are suggested. The Government also proposes to take charge of the Telegraph. People are asking, What does this mean? And, as in the day of Napoleon III., they whisper, "Does the Empire mean peace?"

And while these pompous things are going on in French and Russian fashion—we hope that our style of writing at this moment is enough in the "Erebus" vein to correspond with the swelling theme—the Federal Capital is being improved in a style worthy of the Empire. The amount expended on the city of Washington and its surroundings is right royal; and this expenditure must be considered as inspired by the Federal Government, which controls that anomalous white-slave Territory (née District of Columbia) as it chooses.

Who knows? Soon we may behold a second Rome or Athens, where, as Tom Moore sung, once "Goose Creek" and then "Tiber"—and now a stagnant canal oozes, like crawling blood through a diseased artery, from the Capitol hill to Georgetown. And who can tell but that the spirit of imperial Reform may conclude to make a bonfire of much of that canvas, facetiously called art, which adorns the walls of our Parliament House! An Empire must have a gorgeous capital. We cannot afford to be outdone by the Czar of Russia. And Heaven may perhaps send an earthquake to swallow up some of the statuary which in very "monu-

mental mockery" grins a horrid satire on our national taste for the fine arts. Quære: Were our nation to be swept away, and such of its mosaic remains as exist in oil and brass and marble in Washington, to be excavated by some far distant antiquary, what pundit could be found wise enough to determine from the jumble of our art-antiquities alone, as these are cluttered about that classic spot, whether or not our defunct peoples were Indians or Greeks, Romans or nondescripts?

We are drifting, too, from the old landmarks. The noisy leaders of the powerful, unscrupulous party now in possession of the Government are bent, if they can have their way, on rioting in power, and on the most relentless proscription. Cameron opens the ball of persecution by meanly preventing honors in the Senate to be paid to Horace Greeley. Then follows the decapitation of the Liberals who were at the head of important Committees—Sumner, Trumbull, Schurz, Banks, Tipton, etc.—solely for the reason that these were rebels against the Radical Republican scheme of inexorable tyranny and plunder in the South.

General Grant must shake off these bad counselors and worse men—the Mortons, Camerons, Conklings and Harlans. He must widely depart from their selfish and tyrannical and corrupt policy, if he would satisfy a sensible and generous people, and restore the country, and leave a worthy record in History, which should be now his highest aim. Can he not see, as all mankind sees, that these gigantic political humbugs exist only by force of the Empire? That they have no place in the public heart, or even in its respect? That their relation to the Ship of State is that of sharks and swordfish? If General Grant is honest, he will no longer permit the ruinous rule of these men.

## GENERAL GRANT IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

THE recommendations made by General Grant (indirectly) in the regard of Popular Education, suggest to us that it is worth while to review, very briefly, the leading school systems of the world. Most of our readers will, no doubt, be surprised when we say at the outset that the system of Governmental education in China is, perhaps, in many respects, the best in the world, and that in no other country is education so general as in China. The course of education there, Cye tells us, begins in the family, where the boys are taught to enumerate objects, to count to the number of ten thousand, and to reverence their parents and ancestors, by a minute ceremonial. They study grammar, history, ethics, mathematics, astronomy; they copy, learn by heart and recite select passages of literature; they relate events of history, which are explained by the master; they unite in singing ancient odes and in symbolic dances. The higher courses of instruction are provided in universities, under the surveillance of the State. One of these exists in most of the large cities, and the most advanced is the Imperial College, in Peking. The Government fosters only the higher branches; the primary schools are sustained by municipalities and individuals, so that the knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic is almost universal. And the most remarkable fact connected with the Chinese system of education is, that distinction in public life is attained only by scholarship. Those who cannot pass the several examinations and attain the highest degree of scholarship so attainable, is for ever shut out from obtaining the highest honors of the Empire. And, on the other hand, this degree attained, no matter how low his origin, such party is eligible to the highest office in the State.

Now, when we consider that China contains nearly half the inhabitants of the globe, and yet that murders, street-fights and crimes are, comparatively, almost unknown; that the precepts of Confucius, which, as morals, are next to those of Christ, have existed there from a period far anterior to the Christian era, and that their uninterrupted history runs back (2207 B. C.) nearly five thousand years; that—according to Ritter—they have almost all the inventions, not warlike, of modern times; where, indeed, some of the most important inventions of modern Europe, such as gunpowder, porcelain, the compass, paper, printing, were anticipated; that their cities and capitals rival in numbers the greatest metropolises of any age; that their tonnage exceeds that of all other nations combined, we so behold the fruits of a Governmental incentive for the education for all classes which the world cannot parallel.

Egypt, Persia, the Hebrews and the Greeks made the machinery of education independent of Government; and most of our ablest thinkers ascribe their well-known fate to this cause.

In 1526 Martin Luther wrote to the Elector of Saxony a marked epistle on this grave subject, in which these words occur: "If the parents will not reform, they must go their way to ruin; but if the young are neglected, and left without education, it is the fault of the State, and the country will swarm with vile and lawless people. Government (he adds), as the

national guardian of the young, has the right to compel the people to support schools." And our own Walsh says none too much, when, speaking of German education, he affirms that her magnificent organization of schools is the legitimate result of the labors of Luther.

The Prussian school system, though not a full success in the direction of our thoughts, is familiar to most people, nevertheless, as the pioneer in a reform which has since been adopted by all Europe—England, perhaps, excepted. And popular education in England, among the masses, is so neglected, that we have undoubted authority for the fact that in 1851 the returns there from nearly eight hundred schools were signed by masters and mistresses with a mark, the teacher not knowing how to write! In Sweden, for nearly two hundred years, the ability to read and write has been indispensable to the assumption of the functions of citizenship. Elementary education is universal in Sweden.

Our own system is so familiar, that it need hardly be dilated on. It is wholly intrusted to the people of the several States, except so far as the Government intervenes to protect inventors and authors, and the like. But we are ignorant of a single State wherein education is made compulsory.

It only remains to be added to these remarks, so necessarily restricted by space, on a theme so prolific, that the axiom, "Education is the cheap defense of nations," when entirely free from sectarian influences, is indisputable. But how much wiser, or otherwise, it may be to trust our heterogeneous elements with such a privilege as pertains to the administration of any part of the machinery of the Government upon a lower plane of intellectual training than that which has evidently so marvelously preserved the Chinese, is a problem which our young nation has not yet solved, and which a reform in the Civil Service may happily settle. For our own part, we strongly incline to agree with Luther on the main idea. We scarcely think that the citizen of a State has the right to be utterly uneducated. Our people, in sharpness, in general knowledge of men and things, and perhaps in elementary education, do tolerably well. But there is vast room for improvement.

We are glad that the President has stirred up this matter.

## THE SEASON.

WE are on the eve of the Holiday season. It is a pleasant and sacred consecration of time, which is devoted to the heart. Alas for the barren victories of the head alone! Like ivy about a grave, when the soul is neglected, these only grace death and decay. This is not the time for ideas of business, nor of war, nor of greed, nor of revenge. But all that comes now of feeling is freighted with tenderness.

On a tender stream—if the figure be allowable—float to us memories of the dead, and of the absent, among the living, and of those present. Our grandfathers and grandmothers who are gone, the nearer and dearer ones we have buried, take form and shape now. We seem to see their features, and to hear their words; and we love anew such of these, the old, who yet linger. We are grateful for all the good which they have done for, and said to, us; we tremble as we think how soon their places must be vacant; and we so look to Heaven with renewed love and hope, as the great Safe for the preservation of our treasures.

The little ones, too, are more precious than ever. The babe is sweeter; the budding youth are regarded with more solicitude; the adolescent, with more pride. The careworn business man also listens, as if to a new-born thing, to the delightful prattle of his household, and he sees fresh beauty and goodness in the glowing faces about him. Such are the fruits of Heart and Home where Christian influences and love rule.

Sad, indeed, is it for him or for her, whether young or old, who has passed the period of early youth, who cannot now summon up something ennobling in a past life, or who does not feel the impulse for some great or good achievement in the future. The night of death cannot be long away at the longest; and to fall like a barren tree is to perish like a savage brute; for the domesticated brute has uses.

All cannot be great, it is true, but there is none so humble that he or she may not do some good daily. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to gratify the coarser passions; to make it the chief business to deck one's clay with baubles; to act a part always tricked up in lies and deceit; to prefer evil ways and loose associates; to neglect the mind until it withers; to supply such stimulants as the cultivated intellect finds in books, in art, in profitable and studious travel, in acute observations of humanity, in the cultivation of the social and religious affections and refinements—to supplant these soul-cravings with the coarse and transient joy that springs from debauchery—what an existence is this, which millions lead in their heedless wantonness—which is their



sole and daily aim, and to which they are chained by the almost resistless power of Habit!

Amusements and cheerfulness, gaiety, even extravagant innocent delights belong to the young, and, when timely, should never be repressed. Happiest is he who preserves a zest for these until old age withers him, and who can be merry as *Jack Falstaff*, though every part of him be "blasted with antiquity." But no life can be either profitable or happy that is devoid of good, solid work of head and heart.

Let it never be forgotten that this is the season to look into our hearts honestly—to see and admit how far we are wrong with our neighbors or families, and to do "the square thing" in the way of apology and redress. Errors confessed are almost atoned for, at any rate, they are condoned.

Let us glance, then, into our closets, and get rid of all the hidden skeletons possible, and bury them outright. Nor must we lose sight of the fact, that to neglect the deserving poor, either in the way of just promotion as subordinates, or in the gifts of charity, is a skeleton which grins horribly at the deathbed of every man and woman who keeps the ugly and unchristian thing in the house.

## LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. V.

WHAT OF 1873?

WE are nearing the close of a most eventful year. And let the dead bury its dead. But what of the future? What seems to be the horizon for 1873?

Are we all safe as a Republic? Does not our Republican existence depend on the will of General Grant? Is not his life just now almost as pregnant with consequences as has ever been the life of an Emperor? These are questions which the very best people are most anxiously asking.

There is no disguising the following facts, viz.: The late election was a mere *Plebiscite*. The Government organized through its Civil Service, and backed by the corruptions and power of Rings and shoddy wealth, which tainted the leaders of both parties through such channels as those of the revenue service and railroad subsidies, took possession of the ballot. The people would not contend helplessly and hopelessly with the Government. They left the field. General Grant re-enters the Capital really as a conqueror. The calmness and quietness of despotism is upon us. Public agitation has ceased. We look to see what the Government says—what the Government will do.

Is this a hopeful state of things? All depends on General Grant! If he will resolutely set about purifying the Public Service, as he began recently so well in Philadelphia; if he will frown upon the selfish and unpatriotic designs of men like Morton and Cameron, and on such lower tools as Murphy and Dent; if he will declare for the One-Term Amendment, and profit by the noble uprising of his own party at Cincinnati; if he will comprehend what that Union movement at Baltimore meant and means, in all its patriotic bearings, and thus cease to regard it as a thing personal against himself, he has the godlike power and opportunity to crush a Titanic combination, in and out of Congress, which is now stronger than the Government, and which is the oppressor of the masses of the people. He can do this, this necessary, this vital thing. And he alone can do this thing peacefully; and thus restore the Constitution in all its purity, and become indeed a second Washington.

Failing to do this, he must act with these corrupt men! And so to act, is to alter the Government from its foundation-stone, and to convert it into a despotism. So strong and so well organized is this corruption this day, that it requires all the strength of General Grant to crush it. Left to the mercy of the Camerons of the land, what are we but the victims, as it were, of a boa-constrictor, with which the struggle must be one of life and death? General Grant, to do any good, must be aggressive against this many-headed serpent. He must destroy it utterly. He must crush out every spark of its vile and dangerous life, or, like the scotched snake, it will close and be itself again. This monster, born of civil war, fattened on its spoils, threatens us everywhere with its deadly venom. If General Grant were to die this day, his constitutional successor would be as clay in the potter's hands under the overwhelming strength which we have deprecated.

What is there in our opposition to this corruption to which General Grant was not pledged, before he was drifted by those Rings far away from the patriotic impulses which seemed to warm his heart at the close of the Rebellion? We pray for the Union that he helped to secure by arms. We implore that peace which his inaugural invoked. We ask for that amnesty which all civilized law pleads for. We beseech that purity which is essential to the life of the ballot. We ask for the rights of the States under the Amended Constitution. We invoke that Fraternity in soul and truth and blood, without which parchment is but sheepskin.

Cannot General Grant see now what Horace Greeley meant through all his long and able and busy life? Cannot he now comprehend the dead patriot as well as he did comprehend him when living, and when his eloquent pen marshaled the loyal strength under the soldier's banners?

Does he not comprehend what Sumner means, when that Senator would efface all record of the Rebellion? Does he not understand those who ask to limit the Presidential

tenure, and those who seek so to secure the National Ballot that it shall be safe from the armed heel of Government Concentration, by making all such elections occur on the same day? In all the proud strength of his glorious position, cannot the American Grant see the aims of these representative Americans as they really are? All of our leaders are patriots of well-known antecedents, and long-tested ability and patriotism. Will he still be led, by bad advisers and flattery, to contemplate such as these with the eyes of prejudice and hate? And can he not see that the great leaders of the Democracy are also striving to restore the prestige of the best days of the Republic? And does not General Grant feel how the heart of the great American people, regardless of all party—the heart of the plain, honest, confiding, laboring people—yearns for this grand example in this critical time?

Perverently do we hope that the President may see his surroundings exactly as they are, our danger, just as it is, and be inspired to achieve the holy work before him. Before I close, one fact remains to be presented. I have no space to go into details about the grave Louisiana trouble. The facts in the case are abundantly given in the Daily Press. It is enough to say here, by way of recital, that this conflict has its root in the abuses of Carpetbagging, which originated between Senator Kellogg, (Administration) and Governor Warmoth (anti-Administration), both carpetbaggers, perhaps equally unscrupulous. These factions, dating from Collector Casey's outrages, have gradually been approaching the present crisis, to the disgust of all patriotic souls, and to the scandal of the Government and of all civilization.

But I cannot omit to say that it is a serious thing, indeed, to see the National Government encourage its troops and its Courts to side with Faction! Especially grave is it to observe that one of these factions is absolutely the political machine of the Federal Government. If the Louisiana Courts and people are unequal (if left to themselves, unstimulated by the selfish power of the Government, on the one hand, and helpless in this regard with the aid of the ordinary police appliances of the State, on the other hand,) to correct this evil, honestly, after having been permitted so to fully test their strength, then a just and constitutional case would arise for the parental interference of the Government, not with its Courts, acting as its mere instruments—but with force enough to keep the peace, and to assert the majesty of the law, adjudicated by upright Judges. Such is, however, not the Louisiana case in its present aspects. There the law, thus far (as determined in the *Dorr* Rhode Island Rebellion), is disregarded. Yet, as I write this (December 9th), there is a lurking hope that the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the premises will be freighted with that bold wisdom and truth which is sure to command the public respect in all factious exigencies, and to pass into approved precedent.

JUNIUS.

WHY rear the stone to mark the spot  
Where labor's noblest martyr lies?  
The fame of GREELEY needs it not;  
A nation's memory never dies!

JOHN FREDERICK SMITH.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

FOREIGN journals frequently display the most ludicrous ignorance of American affairs. The schoolmaster is evidently required abroad. We have often had our attention called to the most absurd mistakes in the foreign Press in regard to the history, biography and geography of our country, but we scarcely imagined that a popular illustrated journal would be guilty of such a *faux pas* as the following: In the last number of the *Monde Illustré* which has reached us, is a page giving well-drawn portraits of the Presidents of the United States who have been elected for a second term. The Father of his Country appears in the stereotyped form familiar to every schoolboy; Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Lincoln and Grant are recognizable; but over the caption "Andrew Jackson" is displayed, not the grim visage of the hero of New Orleans, but the well-known face of a more recent celebrity—Stonewall Jackson.

OUR British cousins are in a state of excitement over an *ennéide* in the Metropolitan Police. That usually stolid individual, the London Policeman, has become tinged with almost revolutionary ideas, and has struck for higher wages. The negotiation was conducted through a committee of delegates, and ended in a victory for the men, whose pay was raised about twenty per cent. Some one in authority, however, resented the action of the delegates, and their Secretary, Goodchild, was removed to Bromley, in Kent. He refused to go, and was dismissed, whereupon he telegraphed to the stations, and at Bow Street and two others the men refused to go on duty, alleging that if Goodchild were guilty, so were they. They ultimately obeyed orders, but the authorities prosecuted three of them, carefully picking out two men who had been delegates, and whose action they had condoned by negotiating with them, and finally suspended all the subordinates, 179 in number, and dismissed 69 of them. It is believed the affair is at an end, but it is feared from the language employed by the men that confidence between them and their officers is at an end also.

IN France the irrepressible conflict between the discordant elements still continues without prospect of speedy settlement. The last report is that 92 members, formerly of the Left Centre, and 15 moderate Republicans, including General Chanzy and M. Jules Favre, have united upon a proposition to be submitted to the Committee of Thirty of the French Assembly, suggesting the prolongation of M. Thiers's term for four years, the election of a Vice-President, ministerial responsibility, creation of a second Chamber, and other changes.

KAISER WILHELM and Bismarck are still waging vigorous war upon the Roman Catholics in Prussia. A new bill regulating ecclesiastical punishments and discipline prohibits the clergy from threat-

ening or proclaiming any but purely ecclesiastical penalties, and even these are not to be pronounced publicly against any one by name; and still further, no such punishment can be inflicted for any act required to be done by the State or "the authorities." Judged by the light of history, this policy seems decidedly unwise, to say the least, and is likely to produce a result precisely the opposite of that intended by the Government.

A NEW system of legal education, initiated by the present Lord Chancellor, has been introduced into the British Parliament, and a complete scheme, matured by a committee, has been submitted to the Inns of Court. This scheme contemplates the abolition of the senseless customs (sanctioned only by antiquity) through which the English layman is transformed into a barrister, and the substitution of a comprehensive system of education and examination. Should this plan be adopted, the race of barristers qualified by dinners, or by mere attendance at lectures or in chambers, or by a slight and fragmentary examination, will disappear, and every one henceforward called to the Bar will be required to show a satisfactory knowledge of Roman Civil Law, of the Law of Real and Personal Property, and of both Common Law and Equity.

## CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

SENATOR SHERMAN is urging the abolition of Internal Revenue Assessors, and argues that it would save \$2,500,000 annually.

MR. MAYNARD, of Tennessee, will be a candidate, in the Republican caucus of the next House, for Speaker, against Blaine.

SENATORS EDMUNDS, of Vermont, and VICKERS, of Maryland, are urging a settlement of the French Spoilation Claims.

SECRETARY ROBESON is active in the two Committees of Congress on Naval Affairs, in behalf of his project for ten sloop-of-war.

A STRONG effort is making by a combination of the Virginia and West Virginia delegations in Congress for aid to the James River and Kanawha Canal.

VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT WILSON is said to be urging the election of Henry L. Dawes, the leader of the United States House of Representatives, as his successor in the Senate.

JOHN B. ALLEY, who has been engaged lately in aiding Oakes Ames in Washington, was a member of Congress, actively operating with Ames at the time of the alleged Crédit Mobilier transaction.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL has sent the draft of a bill to Congress, providing for greater security of the public money in the hands of disbursing officers. All clerks and agents are to be made responsible with their chief.

REPRESENTATIVES of all the telegraphic interests in the United States have been in Washington during the present week, to discuss the subject of a postal telegraph before the House Committee on Appropriations.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL frequently appears before the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, to urge his views on the questions of finance, and if possible secure their introduction into the bills reported by that committee.

SENATOR SHERMAN, of Ohio, has reported a bill from the Finance Committee, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue coupon bonds in exchange for registered bonds, provided that the expense be paid by the owners thereof.

DELEGATE CHAFFEE, of the Territory of Colorado, is again actively urging Congress to admit that Territory as a State into the Union. The census has never sustained the showing of those who sought admission. On that account, two bills, in previous years, have been vetoed.

COLONEL McCOMB, whose *exposé* of the Crédit Mobilier *embroglio* recently created so much excitement, has been summoned to Washington to give his testimony before a Committee of the House. That body is anxious to purge itself of the implication of bribery and corruption.

SENATOR SUMNER's proposition to remove from flags, etc., all evidences of internal strife in this country, incurred the wrath of one Hoyt, a representative of the village of Athol, in the "Great and General Court of Massachusetts," who offered a resolution of censure upon Mr. Sumner, which the House sent to the sarcophagus "Committee on Federal Relations."

SENATOR AMES, of Mississippi (General Adelbert Ames, son-in-law of General Butler), has been retired in the reconstruction of the Senate Military Committee, and General Logan advanced second on the Committee, making him Chairman upon the retirement of Senator Wilson. General Ames, who is a West Pointer, protests, because Logan is "only a volunteer."

MR. DAVES and his Committee of Ways and Means have forwarded the business before them with great dispatch, but the two Houses, disregarding the public interests and the national economy, adjourned over the holidays, appropriating seventeen days of the people's time to themselves. If the departments should assume to follow the example, what would Congress do about it?

GENERAL BANKS has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives, providing that the President's salary shall be raised to \$50,000 per annum; that the term of each President shall be six years; and that no President shall be elected to a second term. The increased salary proposed is made applicable to President Grant's second term, and the other changes suggested by General Banks are to take effect at the close of that term. The proposition is quite popular.

SPEAKER BLAINE, under oath, before the House Committee to investigate the alleged Crédit Mobilier stock bribing, denies having ever received or held any stock of that company, but swears that Oakes Ames, while a member of the House, did offer him (Blaine) some of the stock; that he (Blaine) told Ames that, as he was a Member of Congress, it would be improper for him to take it. This convicts Ames of the attempt to influence Mr. Blaine, and vindicates Colonel McComb.

THE House Committee appointed to investigate the Crédit Mobilier bribery charges have committed the fatal error of holding secret sessions, thus yielding to the pressure of corrupt combinations, in and out of Congress, who dread the influence of a free Press and the just indignation of a free people. The truths that will be sworn to before that Committee will be humiliating to the nation. They are well-known, and the closed doors of a Congressional Committee cannot secrete them from the public.

MR. THOMAS W. OSBORN, of Scotch Plains, N. J., who dropped out of the Union ranks in Florida in 1865, and through the instrumentality of the Freedmen's Bureau induced the Legislature of that State to elect him to the Senate of the United States, is using what influence he has to convince the latter body that the National Government ought to appropriate money enough to make a survey for a ship canal from New Orleans to Ferdinandina, Fla. This survey will afford a fine opportunity for a pleasure party next Summer at the expense of the Government. The cost of the proposed canal would be enormous.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS CLARA MORRIS is acting in New Orleans.

MISS CUSHMAN has been acting *Lady Macbeth* in Boston.

GERMAN OPERA continues to flourish at the Stadt Theatre.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, Chicago, was lately opened. It seats about 1,300 people.

MISS COOMBS is exceedingly well liked in Chicago in her character of *Lady Teazle*.

BARNUM always has novelties of some kind on hand at his circus in Fourteenth Street.

"DUNDREARY" was withdrawn last week, and Mr. Sothern acts his *Brother Sam* this week.

ON October 18th, the King of Denmark laid the foundation of a new theatre at Copenhagen.

AIMÉE has had a brilliant success in "La Perichole," and "La Belle Helene," at the Olympe.

At the Charing Cross Theatre, London, Mr. J. S. Clarke has been playing *Bob Acres*, with success.

JOHNNY THOMPSON appeared in "Dixie" and "The Wandering Dutchman," at Wood's Museum, last week.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT will commence a three weeks' engagement in New Orleans on the 20th of December.

At the New Orleans Academy of Music, "The Wild Cat; or, Marriage by Moonlight," is the pleasing novelty.

FRICHTER'S Lyceum Theatre is nearly completed, and it will open to the public in a few days with "Monte Cristo."

THE Fifth Avenue Theatre produced the "School for Scandal" and "The Baroness," alternately last week.

THE Holman English Opera Company began a three months' engagement in Montreal, Canada, on Monday evening, the 2d inst.

AFTER completing their engagement in Philadelphia, the Maretzek Opera Troupe go to Baltimore for one week, and thence to Boston for three weeks.

THERE was a grand farewell matinee of Italian opera at the Academy of Music, on Saturday, December 14th, in which Miss Kellogg sustained the principal rôle.

ONE of the features of the performance of "Round the Clock," at the Grand Opera House, is the introduction, in the first act, of a street-car drawn by live horses.

OFFENBACH's "Pont de Soupirs" (Bridge of Sighs) has been brought out with marked success, in its English translation and adaptation, at the St. James Theatre, London.

MISS NEILSON was no less successful last week at Booth's Theatre as *Fantine Deschappelles*, in "The Lady of Lyons," than she has been in the two others she has enacted there, *Juliet* and *Rosalind*.

ENCOURAGED by the success of "Leo and Lotos," Managers Palmer and Jarrett, of Niblo's Garden, are said to be preparing to renew the triumphs of the "Black Crook," at that popular establishment.

## SCIENTIFIC.

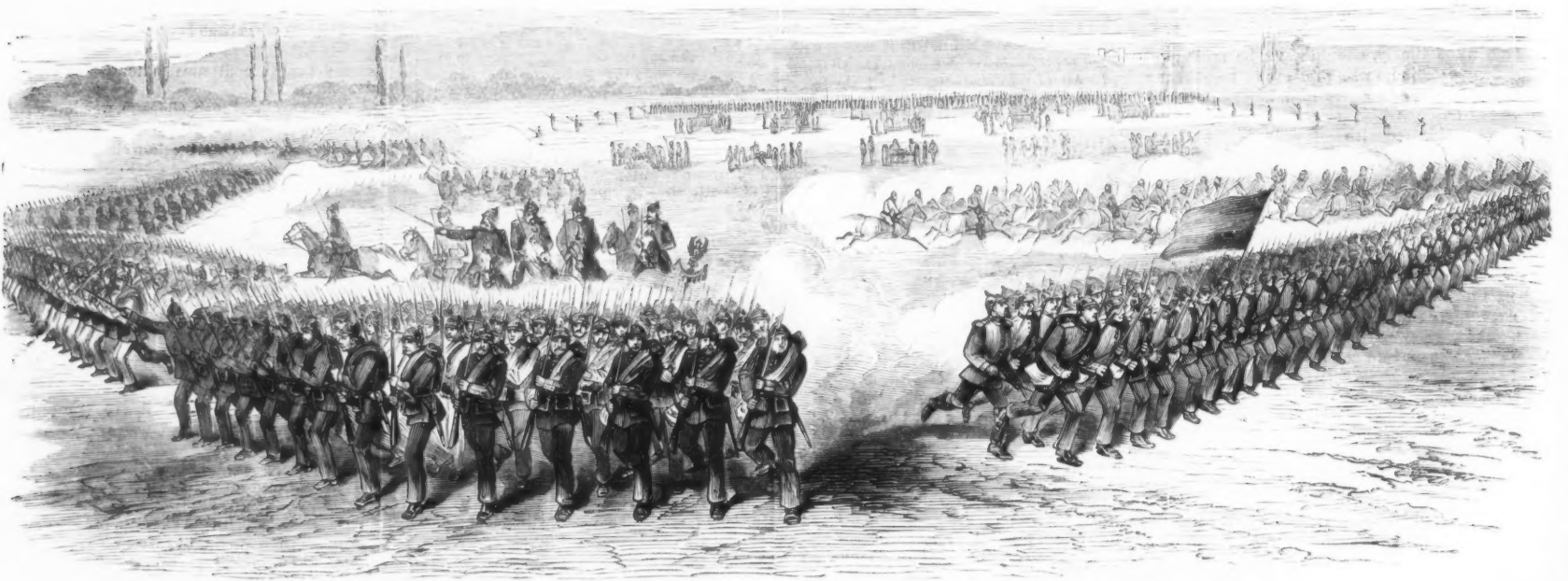
WE hear that a most important desideratum in Biblical Archaeology has been supplied by the diligence of Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, who has discovered among the Assyrian Records an account of a deluge similar to that recorded in Genesis. Mr. Smith will read a paper on the subject before the Society of Biblical Archaeology.

THE following is from the *British Medical Journal*: "Two Russian ladies, Misses Olga Stoff and Sophie Hasse, have employed themselves during the Autumn recess in investigating the circulation in the spleen, by means of injection and microscopic examination. Their researches, which were made on the spleens of frogs, pigeons, rabbits, mice, rats, and various other animals, as well as of the human subject, were carried on in Dr. Frey's laboratory. They have published an account of their examination and its results in the *Centralblatt* for November 9th."

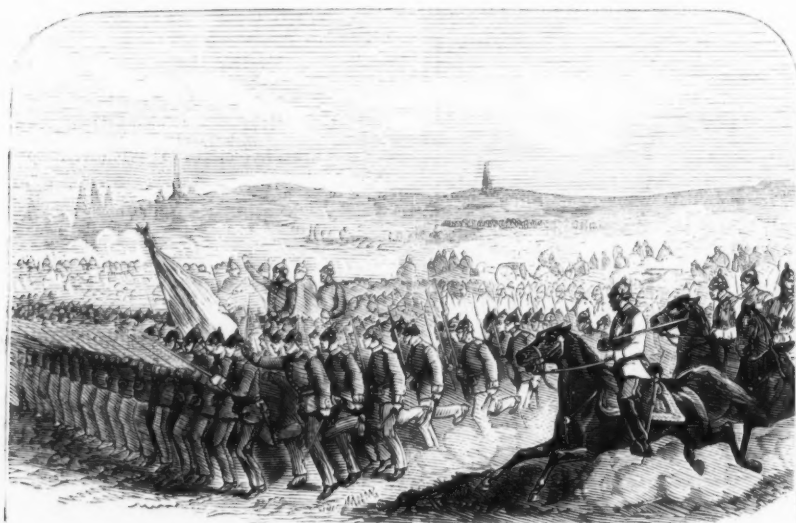
A MICROSCOPIC EYE.—When Pope argumentatively inquires, "Why hath not man a microscopic eye?" and answers the question to his satisfaction by saying, "For this plain reason—man is not a fly," he little dreamed that there would be found in nature a living contradiction of his premises. But yet, if we can trust newspaper reports, such is the case. In a recent copy of the Birmingham (England) *Register*, there is an interesting account of a lad whose powers of vision entirely eclipse anything of the kind ever heard of before. He is no less than a living microscope, and possesses the faculty of seeing minute objects magnified to a marvelous degree. When quite young he was afflicted with a disease peculiar to the eyes, and fears were entertained that he would lose his sight. He recovered gradually, but it was noticed that the disease had materially affected the organization of the eye—in fact changed its internal structure, the cornea being greatly enlarged, the crystalline lens being divided into three different parts, each part surrounded with a light-blue circle, and in the centre of each appears the iris, but greatly diminished in size, being about the circumference of a small pin-head. He cannot distinguish objects at a distance, they appearing to him as distinct objects do to ordinary eyes when viewed through a telescope drawn out of focus, blurred and misshapen. His case is exciting great interest among scientific men, who have formed various opinions as to the causes that have wrought such a change. Added to this wonderful talent of microscopic sight, the lad exhibits that of being able to sketch the objects he examines, and by an admirable dash of water-colors can give to the world the result of his studies. He has within the last year examined and sketched quite a number of beautiful specimens of *Diatomacea Polycystina* and sponge spicules, that were kindly loaned him by several gentlemen of learning, their object being to compare them with other published views of the same objects, in order to test their truthfulness, and the result has been altogether satisfactory. A copy of one of the papers, photographed in Paris during the last siege, was shown him, and he immediately read the lines and pronounced the words, which, however, he did not understand, not being versed in French. Scientists who have paid attention to this case state, as the result of their experiments, that the magnifying power of his vision is about five hundred diameters. One curious fact connected with his vision is, that he will never examine water, having once, soon after his recovery, discovered the vast number of infusoria contained in some he was in the act of drinking, which had the effect to thoroughly frighten him, since which event no inducement can make him repeat the experiment. Sir Charles Madden, F.R.S., has paid much attention to this singular case, and has brought it prominently before that body by a series of interesting papers. It is said that Dr. Crowder, an eminent oculist, is preparing an elaborate article on the subject for the *London Lancet*.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 255.



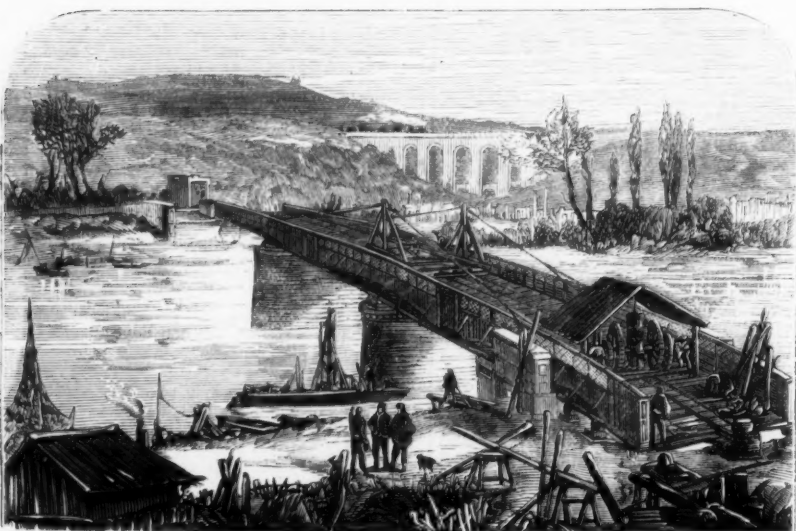
GERMANY.—NEW MANŒUVRES OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY—THE DEPLOYMENT OF THE COLUMN OF ATTACK IN COLUMNS BY COMPANY.



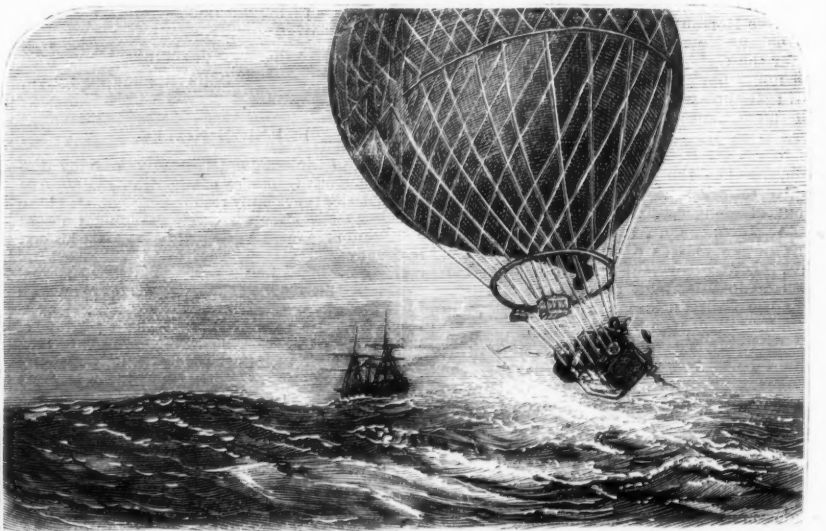
GERMANY.—NEW MANŒUVRES OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY—FORMING THE BATTALION IN COLUMN OF ATTACK.



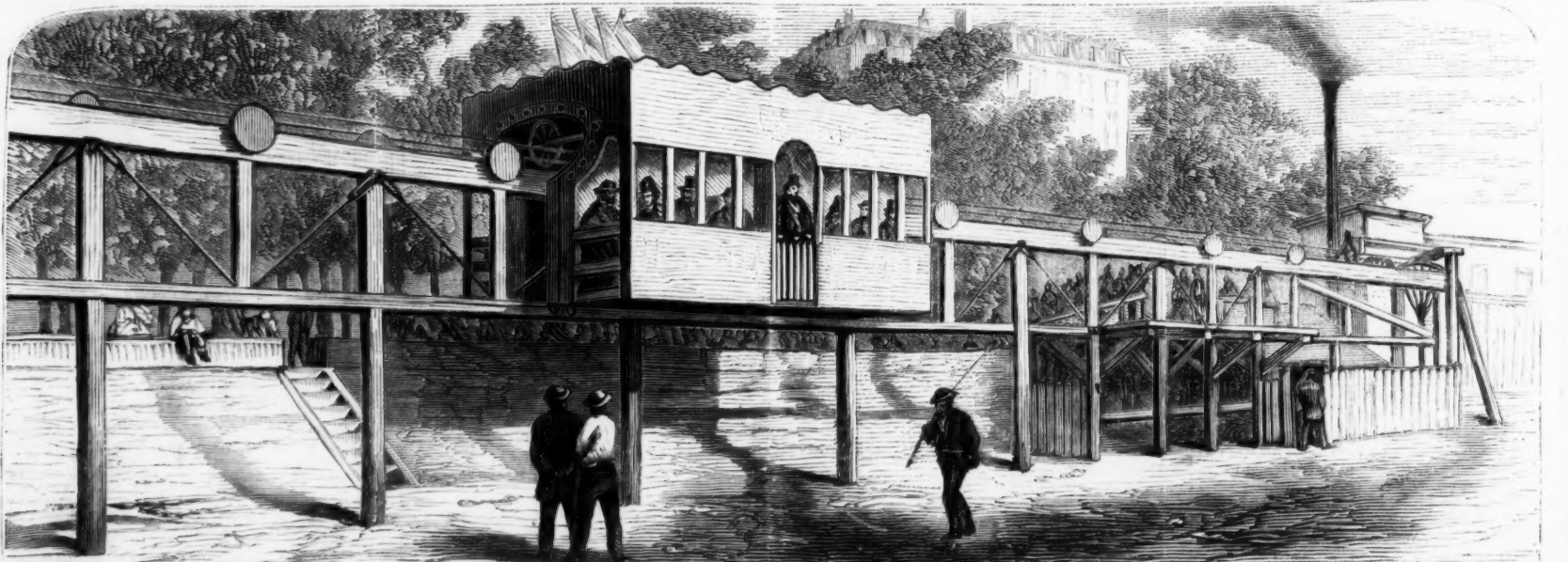
TURKEY.—THE CEREMONY OF SURÉMINI AT CONSTANTINOPLE—THE CAMELS BEARING THE PRESENTS SENT BY THE SULTAN TO THE HOLY CITIES ON THE OCCASION OF THE FEAST OF RAMADAN.



FRANCE.—RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGE OF BILLANCOURT, IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

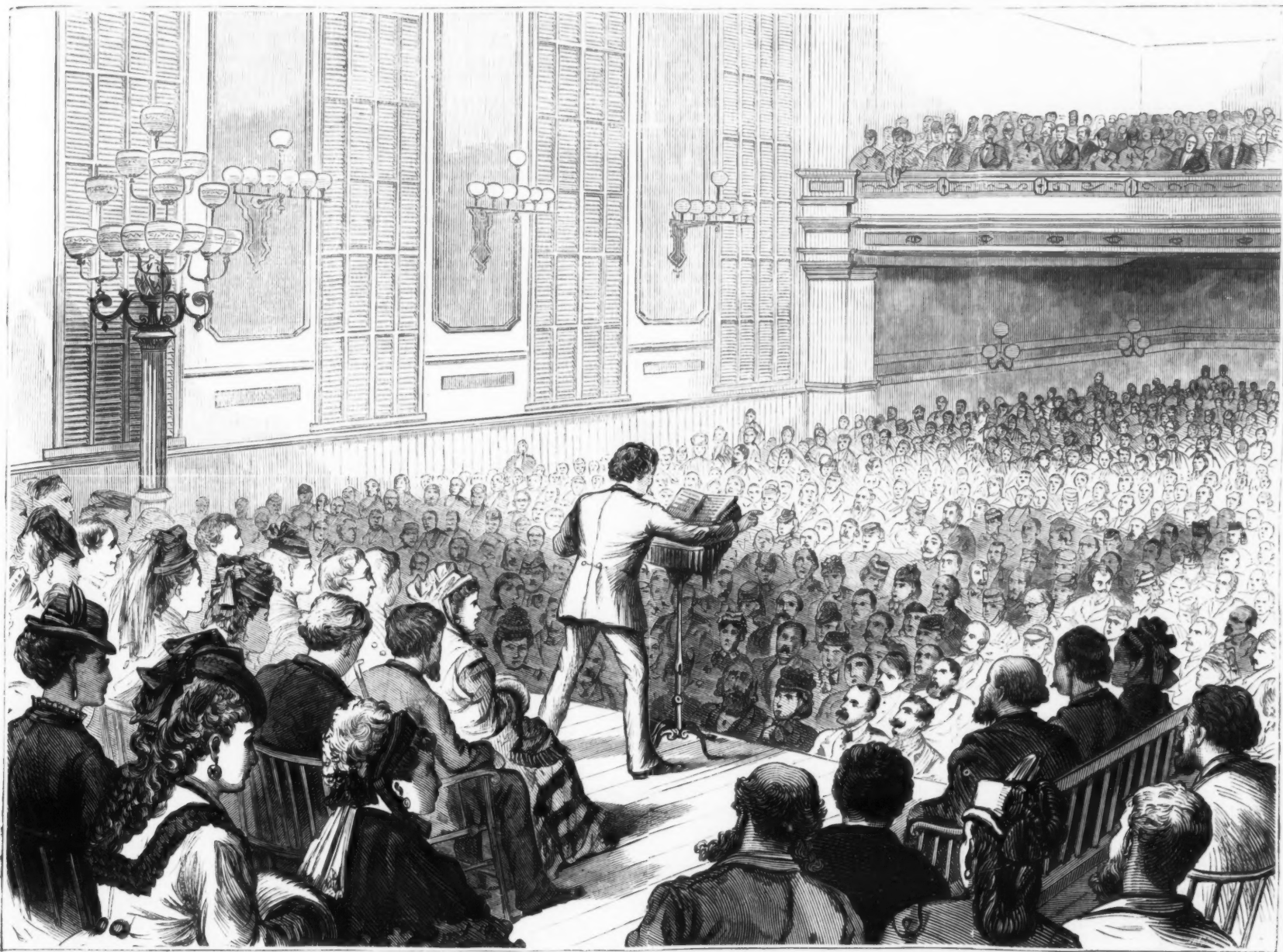


NORTH SEA.—FALLING OF A BALLOON ON ITS WAY FROM PARIS TO NORWAY



FRANCE.—THE ELEVATED RAILWAY AT LYONS FOR THE TRANSPORTATION OF PASSENGERS FROM MORAND BRIDGE TO THE PARK OF THE GOLDEN HEAD.





NEW YORK CITY.—DECEMBER RECEPTION OF THE NEW YORK SCHOOL-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, AT STEINWAY HALL, DECEMBER 10TH, 1872.

## RECEPTION OF THE NEW YORK SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

THE Regular Reception of the New York Public School-teachers' Association, for December, took place at Steinway Hall, on the afternoon of the 10th. The programme consisted of an organ solo by James Pearce, and a number of duets, quartos and solos, in which Miss Brainard, Miss Buckley, Mr. Bush and Mr. Schaeffer participated.

The Association was organized to establish more friendly relations among teachers themselves; to advance their interests socially, morally and intellectually; and to develop, in every legitimate way, their influence in matters pertaining to their own welfare as a profession. One of its principal aims is the creation of a higher standard of excellence, whereof every teacher shall faithfully struggle to attain, with the hope of hastening the time when the teacher will take rank with the lawyer and physician, not only in the degree of respect accorded to him or her by an intelligent community, but likewise in the remuneration awarded for the discharge of duties.

acknowledged to be as honorable as those performed by the members of any profession in the country.

Very pleasant reunions are held every month, the exercises consisting of vocal and instrumental music, scientific lectures and addresses, by persons of prominence in every branch of the educational system. It is to the interest of every teacher in the city to attain a membership in the Association.

The officers are: B. D. L. Southerland, President; P. Y. Duffy and Letitia Matthews, Vice Presidents; Kate M. White, Treasurer; Edgar Vanderbilt, Recording Secretary; Henrietta Woodman, Financial Secretary; M. Louise Clawson, Corresponding Secretary; Alonzo Hopper, Editor; and John Oddy, Librarian.

## THE LATE SAMUEL N. PIKE.

MR. PIKE, who has for many years been well known throughout our country as one of its most enterprising and successful business men, died in this city on the 7th inst., at the age of fifty years. He was eminently a typical

American. His life was spent in a succession of business enterprises, some of which involved issues of immense importance, and while they had self-interest for their motive power, contributed nevertheless in their results to the public good. Such, certainly, was his reclaiming from the sea the marshes between Jersey City and Newark, known as the Jersey Flats. There are probably few travelers who do not remember, when crossing this tract of country before Mr. Pike had begun his undertaking, how at high tide the entire expanse seemed like a large lake, and as far as the eye could reach scarcely anything was visible but water, through which the embankments of the various railroads twined their way.

At low tide the water receded, exposing a mass of mud 4,000 acres in extent, which exhaled noxious vapors to the air and was productive of all manner of disease.

Numerous were the endeavors to put an end to this state of

things, and to emulate the Hollander in wresting his dominions from Neptune, but none were successful till Mr. Pike, fresh from rebuilding his Cincinnati Opera House after its destruction by fire, with characteristic energy took hold of the work. It was no light undertaking in a pecuniary point of view, even at the start. The owners of the vast tract of mud, conscious of its immense value should it ever be reclaimed, were not disposed to part with it on easy terms, and Mr. Pike did not become its purchaser at a small outlay. This was in the Fall of 1866.

Mr. Pike was his own engineer, and superintended the entire work himself. Notwithstanding the slow nature of the undertaking, and the thoroughness with which it was performed, it was completed in something less than four years. As a proof of its thoroughness may be taken the fact that during the Spring of last year, when the tide rose unusually high, and the cellars on Front and other streets near the water in this city were flooded, the Jersey Flats, which for centuries before had been under water, were not affected in the least. The cost of the work was commensurate with the immensity of



THE LATE MR. SAMUEL N. PIKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PORTER &amp; WINTER, OF CINCINNATI.



THE LATE EDWIN FORREST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SABONY. SEE PAGE 255.



the undertaking, and the profit realized by the reclamation of such a vast tract of valuable land was fully proportionate to the cost. There are 4,000 acres, which, at a moderate estimate, are worth an average of \$2,000 an acre.

The other public works which owe their construction to Mr. Pike—the Opera House on Eighth Avenue, New York, and the one in Cincinnati—are too well known to require mention.

#### AHASUERUS.

##### A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IN the year 1864, the day that General Sherman entered Savannah, the 21st of December, was severely cold, with a bleak wind sweeping around corners, and the lowering clouds threatening snow.

On that day something curious occurred in the factory of McGrath & Co.; a young life was poised in the balance of deadly peril. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the master's daughter was caught in the great wheel which revolves with the celerity of lightning, and not without suspicion that Patrick Mullaly, a furious savage with a tide of hate and rebellion in his heart, had pushed her to so frightful a doom. It happened thus:

At ten o'clock of this particular morning, Andrea Spinello was writing at his desk in the office.

"Politeness be hanged!" exclaimed the master, tearing up a neatly written letter, and flinging the fragments back at the clerk. "Tell them to forward the lot sharp, or their heads shall be broken. That is the way we do business."

"What do you wish said?" inquired the young man, in a quiet, low voice, contrasting pleasantly with the loud, metallic tones of the other, and the incessant clanging uproar of the place.

Two persons more totally dissimilar among the races of men under heaven could scarcely be found. Matthew McGrath, employer, florid, stout, with thick-set neck, sandy hair, massive jowls, and broad, cruel mouth. Andrea Spinello, employed, slender to effeminacy, clear olive complexion, small, narrow head, lustrous black eyes burning in a delicate face. The master wore a rough suit of tweed, which seemed but his outer cuticle, and a furry white hat tilted on his head. The clerk wore smooth broadcloth, however threadbare, and carried his hat in his hand, even when he came among the factory people. The latter dubbed him "Little Gentleman."

Now the master eyed him askance, half reticent at sight of the weary face, then noted the fastidious neatness of his dress (his own linen was crumpled), and the cruel lines deepened about the coarse mouth. What right had this penniless clerk to be that which he could never hope to attain—a well-bred gentleman?

"One can't handle debtors with kid gloves, man. Make the letter more peremptory. Pish! We are not all dandies and dancing-masters here."

The mere shadow of a delicate irony hovered an instant about Andrea's lips, and vanished. At the office-portal the master paused.

"And, Spinello, be on hand early to-morrow. It will be a busy day with the European mail."

The young man bowed mechanically, and jumped nervously at the loud bang of the door closing after his superior. Clearly the clerk's nerves were not up to the correct masculine standard. Noise was grinding the life out of him. Left alone, the pen dropped from his thin fingers, and he gazed blankly at the waste of red chimneys belching smoke, the ships frozen in the piers, and the gaunt skeleton of a burned factory visible from the window. Since the morning when he discovered the ruin of a previous night's conflagration, all distorted and sapped by fierce heat, the spectacle had fascinated him.

Tears welled up in the great black eyes—foolish, womanish tears. He was so young! No present, no future, except chained to the McGrath desk for bread, with the factory's iron clamor beating on his brain all day long. Not a strong type of manhood, you will observe, to do battle with humanity and conquer it. Rather the dreamlike artist-nature, with a quaint Old World individuality, suggestive of the mosaic and niello-workers, and studios by the Arno, stored with *bassi-relievi*, torsos and statuary.

Indeed, this all might be, for Andrea Spinello was an Italian, and the spirit of Fra Angelo and Guido Beni glowed, however feebly, within him. As much out of place in the McGrath treadmill as a Nile boatman would be on the Mississippi River, or a rose cast into a whirlpool. The humming-bird is not contemptible because it does not build the eagle's aerial. With a nature delicately, keenly sensitive to all beautiful influences, Andrea found no flowers in the desert of his life. Stay! None?

A bright presence gleamed in the dark office. Instinctively aware of it, he turned toward the light. There stood a girl and a child, as lovely as if they had not belonged to Matthew McGrath. Incredible fact! These faces had all the sweet purity of cherubs; in the girl, matured to a thoughtfulness of expression from her position of sister-mother; in the six-year-old boy, the peachy bloom of infancy still lingered.

A golden atmosphere of sunshine seemed to surround, to emanate from their yellow hair; their rich apparel of satin and velvet, lace and downy plumes the horny fingers of the McGrath factory hands had never touched.

Such a contrast of circumstance, if startling to the clerk, might be dangerous to the lower grade of workmen. So it proved. Andrea knew that these two lived in the spacious mansion, all turrets, gables, and crystal-domed conservatories, but he had never seen them. Matthew McGrath guarded his treasure jealously. The clerk assumed a deferential attitude, as far removed from the half-servile, half-bold politeness

of the clerk species for a pretty girl, as a courtier differs from a clown. The young lady was both puzzled and pleased by his manner, which was at once caressing and respectful. It was not until she saw the sudden rosy blush which dyed her fair face reflected in his that she understood him.

"We want papa," she said.

"It shall be my pleasure to find him."

"We want to see de injine," lisps the child.

"That is scarcely safe, unless your papa approves," smiled Andrea.

"What's that?" cried the boy, bent on investigating the mysteries of his father's manufacture, and pouncing on a pocket-handkerchief. It was deeply stained with blood. The girl shuddered, but made no comment, as Andrea hastily concealed it. He coughed, but nobody knew it. The harsh North was doing its work with him. And for these two to discover his secret! He went quickly in search of his employer, with a new fire in his veins. The girl, gathering up her dainty draperies, followed. Who minded papa's frown, which could be so easily kissed away? That rough diamond Matthew McGrath had a home facet of dotting indulgence, which his employees would fail to recognize, as would his children the stern, exacting taskmaster of business hours.

In the large workshop, Andrea was first made aware that they were followed by the envious, hostile glances cast over his shoulder by swarthy, hirsute men and unkempt women. The master's daughter and son were tripping along among the whirling machinery, smiling right and left, sorry for the poor people, but as little capable of understanding the poor people's sentiments, in return, as was Queen Marie Antoinette when she wondered the *caille* did not eat black bread rather than starve. Not an eye that did not glance from their rich, shining raiment to a faded coat or tattered apron with a mottled curse, or sigh of hopeless envy.

Jane Martin, thin, meagre, pinched, sorting the wools which swam before her aching eyes, knew how to touch the electric spark of smoldering discontent. "The price of our blood!" she muttered—which was false, for the master paid them well, and doted among them constantly himself, although he was unmerciful on flagging energies. Andrea motioned them back. The girl shook her head with pretty willfulness. Jane Martin threw down her work, and stepped out behind the intruders, blocking the passage, her sharp features working, and her hands fluttering excitedly. The attitude was menacing. The children did not see her, but Andrea did, and in the act of emerging from an opposite room stood Matthew McGrath, speechless with astonishment. He had forbidden his family ever to approach the factory, prompted by a desire to shield them from rude associations, into which he daily plunged. He had never anticipated rebellion. His hands unruled? Instead of advancing, he turned pale and reeled back.

Just where Andrea checked Bertha's progress the great wheel revolved, setting in motion a network of smaller wheels, all interlaced with sinuous folds of bands. The hum of machinery, the throb of iron arteries, the clang of innumerable metal voices, each singing its own song, the whirling dance of bobbins, the whizz of shuttles, confused the brain. The great wheel cleared the passage by a space of half a yard, and Patrick Mullaly's bench was over against the wall. This giant glanced around once, still raging at the sharp reprimand received that day, and warning to leave in the week. When a man of this class has nothing to lose, he becomes reckless of consequences. Did the workman's shoulder heave just as the girl reached him? Certain it is that she slipped, and the wheel caught a fringe of her shawl.

What the paralyzed parent beheld was a rainbow fragment suddenly whirl upward, greedily crunched by the steel monster, and Andrea Spinello, struggling with death, in a passion of despair, with Bertha clasped in his arms. By swiftness of action, and intense excitement lending artificial strength, these Southern races flash a brilliancy of courage, sometimes absolutely dazzling. He had flung himself between her and danger; he braced his feeble muscle against the might of the metal-pointed machinery; he held a prize, for an instant, close to his hungry heart. He forgot the cluster of frightened faces; they were alone in cloudland, with his eager gaze drinking the light of her shrinking, terrified blue eyes, his breath wooing her soft cheek, and forming, in delicious delirium, the one word, "Carissima!"

Such ecstasies of emotion blaze into full perfection of life and color, ripened by uncontrollable events, in temperaments like that of the Italian. Courage triumphed. The wheel carried off half of the costly rainbow shawl, but was a second too late to lure Bertha from Andrea's desperate clutch. Twice it revolved, with the fragment of gay colors in its teeth, then stopped. The woman Jane Martin, with humanity tugging at her heartstrings, had darted away, and pulled the signal to check it.

The ensuing silence was magical. It restored the master instantly. He fell like a thunderbolt on half-cowed Patrick Mullaly. A timid hand plucked his sleeve.

"Nobody is to blame, papa. It was my fault," said his daughter, lifting a white face to his, imploringly.

Fifteen minutes later, the bands were gliding, the iron tongues clattering, Jane Martin at her post sorting wools, singularly subdued, with a delicate rose silk scarf before her, which Bertha had cast over her shoulders. Wholly unsuitable gift, but only the more delightful for its dainty uselessness.

Andrea Spinello was writing at his desk again, ghostly white and still. She was gone. What sweet compassion radiated her face while she expressed her gratitude, her father looking on, perturbed. "Ay, compassion; nothing more," sighed Andrea, and was grateful.

"Papa, we must do something for him," said Bertha, in the carriage, which was a nest of

crimson satin and plate-glass, where the cold did not penetrate.

"For who?" demanded Matthew McGrath, sharply, reflecting on the measure of punishment to be meted out to Patrick Mullaly.

"The brave young man who saved my life." "He is treated well now," said the father, grimly.

"I know. Might we remember him at Christmas, though?"

"We will see."

"Oh, papa! he raises blood. Rob—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the father. "I will attend to him. Now we are safely home, my darlings. Never repeat this visit."

That night the storm came. There was no sunset, no twilight; all was merged in the driving tempest of snow.

Andrea Spinello took his way homeward through the already deserted streets. The path trodden by pedestrians was a mere track between piling drifts. A solitary figure advanced along the narrow way. Andrea observed that the stranger's beard was white, and stepped aside into the drift to allow him a free passage. Andrea always made way for every one, especially elderly persons, and— with shame be it spoken!—seldom received more than a wondering stare in return, vouchsafed by Anglo-Saxon rudeness. The old man passed, paused, and glanced back at the slight form struggling against the storm.

"A reed shaken in the wind," he murmured. Andrea felt himself crushed by the soft weight of a Polish cloak lined with fur, raised by a strong arm, and then sank into oblivion.

When the young man revived, he found himself in a warm chamber, reclining in the depths of a luxurious armchair, near a glowing fire. He studied his surroundings a moment through his long eyelashes before speaking. It was so comfortable to be taken care of, that he dreaded to break the spell. The appointments of the room were rich and antique. A screen of gilt filigree-work made a golden margin against the sombre tints of a velvet curtain which shrouded the window in heavy folds, obscuring the night. Dim outlines of tapestry, wrought in unknown looms, were also visible beyond the screen. A bronze lamp, suspended from the ceiling by silver chains, shed a mellow light through a globe of iridized glass. No religious symbols of any kind were to be seen, with the exception of a fine picture of Moses in the Wilderness. There were some fine musical instruments. A few rare volume bound in vellum, bore Arabic and Greek characters.

Beneath Andrea's feet was spread a rug made of the Siberian fox, couchant, with snowy fur and life-like head, while the visitor also noticed that the cloak, which was still about him, was lined with rare sable.

Opposite sat the old man, in an ebony chair, the body of which was supported by two ibis, with curved throats and half-furled wings. His hair and beard were white as cotton in the pod; his features were aquiline; he looked neither old nor young. There was some contradiction about his appearance, which could only be ascribed to arrested age. He sat gazing intently at the fragile form of his guest with unfathomable, inscrutable eyes.

"I am sorry that I met him. I bring only misfortune."

"Ah, I have occasioned you so much trouble!" exclaimed Andrea, catching these words, and arousing from the stupor which oppressed him.

The old gentleman became a courteous host at once. He brought forward a table inlaid with brass, and placed on it an ivory tray, which held a bottle of delicately ribbed glass, with purple and amber incrustations, and slender-stemmed goblets.

"This wine will benefit you. Do you know the vintage?"

He spoke cheerfully as he stained the goblet with a sparkling fluid.

"Not 'Lachryma Christi'?" queried Andrea, thinking of his native land.

The old man recoiled as if he had received a blow, grew pale and haggard—aged perceptibly. "Are you ill?" cried Andrea, alarmed.

"No, no; it is nothing." His voice was hollow. "You guessed wrong; this wine is Styrian."

Then he vanished behind the screen, and reappeared with a gold box of Eastern sweetmeats, which he presented to Andrea, with a tiny gold spoon.

"You are a magician, signor!" cried Andrea, in an ecstasy of delight. "Surely you have been a great traveler. I can recognize here Russia, China and Africa at a glance."

The old man smiled gravely down upon the young one, much as the Sphinx of the desert might smile on an Arab boy at its base.

"Yes, a great traveler. Smoke this pipe, my son; it will benefit your lungs."

In receiving the pipe—a jasmine stem, gem-studded, and with amber mouthpiece—Andrea Spinello kissed the hand that gave it, impulsively and gratefully.

"You don't know what it is to be alone in a strange land, without home or friends. It is so cold here! The sky is cold, and the people. But I think it will not be for long. My God! how I longed to follow the great ones, however far behind, with my pencil!"

Still clinging to the hand like a child, he choked and broke down. Without physical courage to face destiny, he had that very morning flung himself before the great wheel to save a life—a deed from which most of the factory hands quailed.

"I know what it is to be alone," replied the host, laying one wrinkled hand on the youth's head. "I have been solitary for—" He checked himself, and returned to his chair, with delicate tact permitting Andrea to recover his composure.

He glided into an easy strain of conversation, which had the desired effect of affording diversion. Entering on the theme of Italian Art, he touched a vibrating chord in his hearer's breast. At home on all subjects, evincing a well-stored

intellect and graceful facility of expression, there was yet some power behind. He described everything with the vivid force of an eye-witness, even events which had transpired centuries ago. He praised the grace and historical accuracy of the Florentine school, founded on the vast erudition which always adorned that city; the transparent richness of color, and pomp of royal vestments, magnificent edifices, crowns and sceptres, of Venetian Art. He accorded to Siena her due for animated poetical rendering of familiar stories; touched on the distinctive characteristics of Mantua, Parma and Milan; lifted the veil of Cremona's antiquities; dwelt on the classic elegance of Rome.

Andrea could not fail to notice one peculiar feature of his talk. If he referred to Leonardo da Vinci, it was to touch on his "Leda" instead of "The Last Supper." If Paolo Veronese and Titian were mentioned, it was to commend the allegory of "Venice Crowned by Glory in the Palazzo Pubblico," and the Archangel Raphael, instead of the Eucharist, and Christ to whom the Pharisee offers a piece of money. In the same way, Andrea del Sarto received praise for the picture of Caesar accepting the tribute of birds and animals, and Fra Bartolommeo for his own portrait in the lay habit, while the tender beauty of the Pietà of the Nuns of Lugo, and the Nativity, was wholly ignored. Michael Angelo's Judgment was set aside for his Creation, and all Raffaello's Madonnas and Holy Families were carefully avoided, and only his Heathen Philosophers extolled.

"On the shores of the Mediterranean the little town of Terracina rises terrace above terrace to the ruins of the barbaric castle. I walked through clouds of Gothic arrows, when Rome was threatened. What am I saying? My young friend, history sometimes becomes reality. One can picture Terracina in the heat of noonday, when the inhabitants are taking a siesta, and only some belated fruit-vender, riding home on his donkey, is seen in the narrow streets. The bronzed fishermen lounge on the rocks, with their red caps drawn low over their brows, gambling at cards, while their wives spread the nets to dry. The sun shines as it does nowhere else, glittering over roofs and white-walled villas, and sparkling with a dazzling sheen on the azure waves that melt away in the blue distance."

"The mild, fragrant life of the atmosphere!" sighed Andrea, closing his eyes. "Do you feel the breeze coming soft and sweet, orange and myrtle-scented? To live and die there is enough; yet I longed to see the world."

"When the mother died," interposed the old man, quietly.

"Do you know us? Have you ever seen our home?"

"I know many lands and people," he replied, with indescribable pathos of weariness.

"I am taxing your kindness too much by my long visit," said Andrea, rising. "May I bring my picture to show you? I have no time to paint now, but sometimes I find a moment to touch it. Nobody knows that I am an artist. If I could turn night into day!"

Andrea Spinello went home, and the old man followed him stealthily. He entered a large, dreary house, with an appearance of faded gentility about it. It was a fair specimen of the American boarding-house, with an accumulation of dust and coal-scuttles in the corridors, not usually found in private residences; a showy, tarnished elegance of parlor, and a faint, pervading atmosphere of soup, onion-flavored. Under the eaves of this mansion Andrea Spinello occupied a small box of a room, fireless, cheerless, with a cracked mirror, an angular bedstead, a varnished table, and a threadbare carpet. As a natural consequence, he was of little account in the establishment.

The lady on the first floor, who had great relations somewhere, permitted Andrea to give her the choicest morsels at table, to accept a drafty seat in her stead, to run for her child's medicine in a storm, when servants refused to venture out; then confided her candid opinion, to the lady on the second floor, that he hoped to make something out of it. To which, not to be outdone, the lady on the second floor responded:

"Bridget told my nurse that he actually had no overcoat this winter. What do you think of that? And proud as Lucifer! I wonder at Mrs. Daft for taking such people. Of course, it lowers the standing of her house."

Old Mr. Crusty, penurious, acid, suspicious, allowed Andrea to find his umbrella, post his letters, order his fire kindled, then muttered: "If he chooses to make a lackey of himself, let him."

Oh, coarse, obtuse old age! not to appreciate the deference for gray hairs inculcated in the Italian childhood.

Ascending the staircase, Andrea met a physician and the landlady emerging from Mr. Crusty's rooms.

"Oh, these boarding-houses!" said the doctor, testily. "Is there no Christian to watch with this old man until the crisis is past?"

The landlady was too crushed by adversity—"the gray of this life," as Mrs. Todgers, the spokeswoman of the hall, complained—to resent the first remark; she only knew that the servants were overworked.

"Go to bed, Mrs. Daft. I will watch." It was Andrea who spoke. He was tired and weak, but he had, unconsciously, sacrificed himself for others all his life. The doctor regarded him doubtfully.

"You do not look strong. I am bound to tell you it is typhoid of a violent form."

"Yes?" assented Andrea, slightly elevating his eyebrows. "Mrs. Daft has three children dependent on her."

The poor landlady, who had laid aside sentiment long ago, kissed her young boarder, and burst into tears.

Andrea watched patiently all night; went to the factory earlier than usual, as the master requested; found the latter had been called



away on business; worked all day at the mass of European letters, with a dull weight of pain on his chest, and returned home in the bitter cold, with the world growing dim around him. Into that cheerless little room under the roof he vanished, and nobody missed him in Mrs. Daft's household. A nurse had taken his place in the sick-chamber. The evening wore away. The clock struck twelve, and an old man ascended the stairs slowly to Andrea's room. No one had admitted him; no one had ever seen him before. The lady on the first floor, attired in ball costume, shrank from the severe reproach of his gaze.

Matthew McGrath did not return, but when Christmas Eve was drawing near, after a day of cheerful activity, with the spirit of Christmas beating in every bosom, the carriage, which was a crimson satin nest, stopped before the boarding-house of Mrs. Daft. The lady on the first floor thought her great relative had come at last. Instead, a beautiful child, holding a bouquet of hot-house flowers, was lifted out by a tall footman, while a girl's face watched anxiously in the carriage.

Up in the little chamber, so small and mean, yet dignified by an unseen presence, Andrea Spinello lay dying of the disease contracted in Mr. Crusty's room. The old man was seated by his side. He seemed never to have moved from his post. An hour earlier Andrea had whispered:

"The picture—over there," indicating a box with one nerveless hand.

His visitor sat gazing at him wistfully and enviously.

"You think I am going to die?" murmured Andrea.

"Would that I could die!"

Sudden terror dawned in the sick man's eyes. The other rose quickly and brought the box, lifted the picture and held it before the bed. Can genius ever perish? Was this bit of ivory all left to earth of Andrea Spinello? His glance rested lovingly, lingeringly, on the small, perfect figures. Christ, worn with suffering, yet divinely majestic in anger, turned back, as he carried the cross up the steep heights of Calvary, to reprimand the scoffer, who had rudely thrust him from the door. "I go, and thou shalt wait until I return." A sea of faces surged before the Redeemer, minute, but instinct with all the coarser passions of humanity, in contrast to his pure serenity.

Trembling like an aspen-leaf, the old man averted his head, and held the picture up to the fading sight. Never was the face of man so furrowed and distorted by remorseful agony as this face. It was traced with lines of pain that called to remembrance forgotten years of suffering.

"Pray to the mother of God. My crucifix—"

The old man drew from his breast a luminous cross, and laid it on Andrea's breast. The splendor of it seemed to fill the room with waves of dazzling light; starry rays quivered from diamonds and rubies in the glory surrounding the Saviour's head.

At that moment a child appeared on the threshold. He was clad in white, fleecy garments, his hair curled in rings of pale gold about his blooming face. He held a cluster of rich exotics.

"The Christ-child!" groaned the old man, and shrank into the furthest corner of the place like a wounded thing.

"Papa is coming soon, Bertha says. We hope you will get well," uttered the clear, childish voice, and the little hands placed the flowers beside the gleaming cross.

Andrea heard, but did not see. An ineffable smile transfigured his face.

"The picture for her. I loved—her—I had no—right."

The child was gone. The old man bent low to catch the fluttering breath. "Jesu hominum Salvator!" and so he died.

In the home of Matthew McGrath, rosy lights gleamed that Christmas Eve. The father had returned laden with mysterious parcels, which must not be opened until the morrow. He stood on the hearth, with his two children clinging about him. The rough parent was the stalk of the plant, and they the delicate blossoms. The governess, precise and elegant, sat at a distance.

An old man, of remarkable aspect, was ushered in, carrying a picture carefully. His words were few and simple, although his look troubled Matthew McGrath more than mere words.

Andrea Spinello, a friendless foreigner, died to-night. He left this picture to your daughter."

Passing the painting to the girl, he held the face of it always away from him, as one would do an object one feared might strike one blind. The manufacturer's reply was characteristic.

"Why was I not told? He was in my employ, and I intended to do something for him at New Year, for saving Bertha's life."

"New Year comes too late sometimes," said the old man, and quietly withdrew.

Bertha did not notice his departure; she was admiring the picture with the governess.

"It has the religious spirit of the old masters," said the governess.

Matthew McGrath looked at it much as an elephant might view the soaring flight of a lark up into the heavens. On his pillow that night he reasoned with himself that he was a just man—although he did not intend to be cheated by his employees; but in his silent chamber there was but one voice, and it sang always, "Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not."

The old man wandered like a wraith about the city in the gloom of night. Dawn of Christmas Day found him beneath the shadow of a lofty church, with arch and cornice climbing to a taper spire.

A frosty stillness—the city shrouded in gray—a faint flash stealing up the eastern sky; a spear from the rising sun snuffing the spire, and shattering night and silence. Airy figures

pealed forth, a ripple of life and gladness ran through the streets—Christmas had come.

A bitter cry welled up from the old man's heart:

"Would that I, too, could die!" It was Ahasuerus. When the last silvery notes of the chime had melted away, he was gone—the Wandering Jew had resumed his journey.

## HOW MAY LARGE FIRES BE PREVENTED?

A FORTNIGHT ago we called attention to a series of plans for the prevention of large conflagrations, and among other means, alluded to carbonic acid gas as an agent that, as yet, has no equal.

In the reports of fires, it is very often found that the water used to extinguish them has occasioned far more damage to stock than the flames. And it is also a notable fact that, fires frequently reappear, after steamers have been playing for hours upon the debris, owing to ignition caused by sparks falling upon the charred and splintered woodwork.

Now, by the employment of carbonic acid gas these evils are entirely overcome. In the first place, it is the gas that extinguishes the fire, by absorbing the oxygen, upon which it feeds—the water being used simply as a means of conveyance, thus preventing the useless dissemination of the gas before it reaches the flames. The flames once deprived of oxygen, become extinct. There is practically no sense in deluging a building with water to quench that which may be overcome in a few seconds by a gas, easily manipulated, and requiring but a few pails of water.

In the second place, the liquid imparts to whatever it touches an incombustible element. Thus, beams, rafters, and other inflammable ruins, are free from the dangers of an outbreak, for, the moment a firebrand touches the soda coating, its flame is extinguished.

These facts bring us to the consideration of the most approved method of using the gas in cases of large fires. This is found in the self-acting engine, manufactured by the Babcock Extinguisher Company, whose portable extinguishers have attained the highest popularity in all essential particulars. It is made with two copper generators, and tested to 400 lbs. hydrostatic pressure to the square inch. For country use, each engine is furnished with double-action force-pumps, by which water can be taken from a well. Should there be none near enough, a sufficient amount of water can be had by bucket-carriers.

The superiority of this engine consists—*First*, in its simplicity. It dispenses with complex machinery, fire companies, reservoirs and suction hose. Carbonic acid gas is both the working and extinguishing agent. *Second*, in promptness. It is always ready. No steam to be raised, no fire to be kindled, no hose to be laid, and no large company to be mustered. The chemicals are kept in place, and the gas generated the instant wanted. In half the cases the time thus saved is a building saved. Five minutes at the right time are worth five hours at the wrong time. *Third*, in efficiency. Mere water inadequately applied feeds the fire, but carbonic gas never. Bulk for bulk, it is thirty times as effective as water, the one hundred and thirty gallons of the two cylinders being exactly equal to thirty-nine hundred gallons of water. Besides, it uses the only agent that will extinguish burning tar, oil, and other combustible fluids and vapors. One cylinder can be recharged while the other is working, thus keeping up a continuous stream. *Fourth*, in convenience. Two men can manage it. Its small dimensions require but a small area either for work or storage. One hundred feet or more of its light, pliant hose can be carried on a man's arm up any number of stairs inside a building, or, if fire forbids, up a ladder outside. *Fifth*, in saving from destruction by water what the fire has spared. It smothers, but does not deluge; the modicum of water used to give momentum to the gas is soon evaporated by the heat, doing little or no damage to what is below. This feature of the engine is of incalculable worth to manufacturers, merchants and insurance companies. *Sixth*, Economy. It costs only about as much as a first-class hand-engine, and about half as much as a steam-engine with its necessary appendages; and the chemicals for each charge cost less than two dollars.

A series of interesting experiments with the Babcock engine was recently made before Commissioners Shaler and Blair, and Chief Engineer Perley of the New York Fire Department, in Marion Street. Our illustration represents the attempt to learn how far the gas can be carried and still rendered effective. A 300-foot hose was attached to the engine and run to the roof of the house of Engine No. 20; thence to the rear and up to the top of the bell-tower, one hundred feet above the sidewalk. The gas was quickly generated, and on the signal being given it was let on, and immediately came from the pipe with a rush that carried it over the buildings and out into the street. With a sixty-gallon cylinder the stream was kept up for seventeen minutes. While it was playing, the second generator was being charged, occupying the space of five minutes. As soon as the first was exhausted, a connection was opened with the second. There was no interruption of the stream.

A feature of this engine, that cannot be too attentively considered, is, that when the fire is reached, instant communication is made. There are no delays from freezing, insufficient supply of water, or other cause.

The engine shown in our engraving was called out on Thanksgiving morning to a fire in the Metropolitan Stables in Prince Street, and extinguished, in about eight minutes what bid fair to be an extensive conflagration. Each of these engines carries two small extinguishers,

attached to the driver's seat. The hook and ladder trucks, and the wagons of the insurance patrol, are likewise provided, and, by using them, an incipient fire may be overcome without flooding the building. About 120 fires have been put out with these small machines by the department and patrol since the 1st of January last.

In a recent message to the Common Council, Mayor Medill, of Chicago, called special attention to this engine, and while speaking of those already in use, strongly urged the purchase of fourteen others as the best means of preventing a recurrence of the great calamity.

A large number of the leading manufacturing firms in the country, as well as the fire departments of the most important cities, have evinced their satisfaction with the operation of this self-acting engine, so far as to rely, in a great measure, upon it for instantaneous and effective work. It has been subjected to the severest tests, and during a long practical service has been found worthy of the highest confidence and commendation.

## EDWIN FORREST.

WE have, unhappily, this week to record the death of another great man, in his own line undoubtedly the greatest artist on the stage that America has given birth to. Edwin Forrest died at his residence in Broad Street, Philadelphia, early in the morning, on Thursday last, December 12th.

He was born in Philadelphia, March 9th, 1806, of humble parentage, and seems, almost from infancy, to have had a predilection for the stage. As a child, he amused his friends by theatrical recitations, and no effort of his father could induce him to study or engage in trade, or prevail on him to conquer his dramatic passion.

At twelve years of age he performed female parts in the old South Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and after essaying all kinds of characters, male and female, made his debut at the Walnut Street Theatre on November 27th, 1820, as *Norval*, in Home's tragedy of "Douglas."

During the next six years Forrest experienced a full share of the hardships and vicissitudes which fall to the lot of young actors struggling toward eminence.

In July of 1826, after careful study and considerable experience, he made his first appearance before a New York audience in the part of *Othello*, and achieved his first genuine dramatic success.

As a tragic actor, he stood indisputably at the head of his profession. Possibly in some few characters he was alone upon the English and American stage. One of these was the *Lear* of Shakespeare, in which we believe he never has had, and probably never will have, an equal. But it was not simply as an actor, Mr. Forrest asserted his claim upon the memory and the regret of our theatrical and critical world. He was the only actor in this country who ever extended a liberal and enlightened assistance to the better class of writers for the stage. To prove this, it will only be necessary to recall the names of the original dramas which he purchased and produced: J. A. Stone's "Metamora," Dr. Bird's "Spartacus," J. Howard Payne's "Brutus," Judge Conrad's "Jack Cade," and Dr. Bird's "Broker of Bogota." In addition, he purchased, or, rather, gave a prize for the play of "Mahomet." He also had Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens" altered for himself by Mr. W. Gilmore Sims, and subsequently by Mr. Rosenberg, from whom he afterward commissioned the play of "Cromwell," a subject which he earnestly desired to produce. However, age had impaired his memory, and he was compelled to renounce his wish to realize this character upon the stage.

Of the private life of the deceased we have little to say. Owing to family trouble, he had of late years lived almost the life of a complete recluse, save to a few intimate friends and admirers. Of his character we can speak warmly. He was one of the frankest and most unexceptionably truthful men that ever lived. Constitutionally generous, he was by no means invariably so, although, in some instances, spontaneously liberal to the verge of profusion. His temper was quick and hot, yet, if, as he conceived, unjustly indulged in, no man was more ready to make amends than he would be. The warmest of friends, he was also a bitter and unforgiving enemy. In a word, if he could scarcely claim the name of an exemplary Christian, he was certainly as generally honest and wide-hearted a being as we have ever known. Of a highly cultivated mind, especially in the line of his own profession, he possessed the finest Shakespearean library on this continent—in all probability, next to that of the British Museum, in the world. Latterly, most of his time, when in Philadelphia, was spent in it. It was his purpose, with his large property, to found a retreat for the poor and worthy members of his own profession, together with a collegiate school for the education of theatrical talent. Whether he has been cut off too suddenly to formulate these projects in his will, we are unable to say. Suffice it, in conclusion, a great intelligence and genius have quitted us—strong in their prejudices, true in their speech, and honest in their lives. Their place amongst us must long remain unfilled.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### Prussian Military Manœuvres.

The military manœuvres which the German army have been executing during the past Autumn are entirely new, and the result of observations taken during the Franco-German War of 1870 by the Prussian *Etat Major*, or Staff, with whom questions of tactics are always in order. We give representations of two important manœuvres, which will be practically tested by the Prussian army when before the enemy. One is the column of attack

in the act of forming, preparatory to a charge, and the second is the deployment of the column of attack into company columns, thus spreading over a large area of ground, and presenting a long, irregular, oblong-shaped front to the enemy. The centre is filled with a few pieces of artillery. Cavalry deploy to the right and left rear.

### The Caravan of the Holy Cities, Turkey.

Ramadan is the first day of the Turkish New Year (November 1st), and is always celebrated by a feast, and by religious ceremonies of various kinds, also by fasting for the whole month, and prayer. One of these ceremonies is that of *Suremni*, which takes place on the 19th of October. The camels bearing the presents sent annually by the Sultan to the Holy Cities, after having, with every solemnity, traversed the principal streets of Constantinople, are embarked at Top Hané for Scutari, as shown in our illustration. From Scutari the caravan, consisting of about 500 persons, and the camels laden with the holy presents, goes to Beyrout, whence it continues to Damascus. At Damascus it unites with the caravans for Syria, Egypt and other provinces, to take the road through the Great Desert for the province of Hedjaz.

### Rebuilding the Bridge of Billancourt, Paris.

Of all the many solid and substantial bridges in the environs of Paris destroyed during the war, that of Billancourt will be the first rebuilt. It will be an improved structure. Our engraving shows the present stage of the work, and the placing of the flooring on the right side. The flooring of the left side is advancing rapidly toward completion, and in a few days the bridge will be open for public traffic.

### From Paris to Norway in a Balloon.

Two Parisian aeronauts, M. Paul Roller and M. Leon de Bozelles, recently made a voyage in a balloon from Paris to Norway, and met with quite a variety of adventures, some of them exceedingly perilous. While sailing calmly along at a considerable elevation, they encountered a contrary and violent current of air, which drove them out of their course, and to the sea, where they tossed about during part of the night and the whole of the next day. The rays of the sun striking upon the balloon caused some gas to escape, so that the lower portion collapsed and floated on the water, which increased the emission of hydrogen. The aeronauts were therefore at the mercy of the ocean, sometimes being slightly immersed, sometimes rising in the air, and again descending, only to be struck by the tail-end of a huge wave, which threatened to destroy their frail air-ship. While on the point of giving up in despair and applying a match to the balloon to destroy it and themselves, thus ending their harrowing suspense, a sail hove in sight. The ship saw their signals and rescued them. After being landed from the vessel at a near port, the aeronauts proceeded to Paris, where they have published their adventures, accompanied with illustrations, one of which we copy.

### Elevated Railway at Lyons, France.

At Lyons, France, during the recent Exposition in the Park of the Golden Head, of that city, an elevated railway, of somewhat curious construction, as shown in our engraving, was built from the Bridge of Morand to the gate of the Park, for the accommodation of visitors to the Exposition.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE King of Saxony is the most erudite of European monarchs.

PERE HYACINTHE and his new wife are going to start a newspaper.

KING OSCAR, of Sweden, is the tallest monarch in the world.

WILKIE COLLINS and GEORGE ELIOT are coming to read to us.

ADELINA PATTI and SIGNOR CAMPANINI will visit America next year.

A RICH Turk recently gave \$30,000 for a beautiful Circassian girl.

It is announced that the wives of Cabinet officers will not return calls this Winter, but will hold receptions as usual.

CARLYLE, now nearly 80 years old, has abandoned writing, but still appears in society occasionally, and talks as vigorously as ever.

NO HOPE is now entertained for the recovery of the Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

MESSRS. MATTHEW and JOHN VASSAR, sons of the founder of Vassar College, have given \$100,000 to establish a hospital in Poughkeepsie.

It is stated that an effort will soon be made to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the late war-governor, A. W. Randall, of Wisconsin.

HOLLOWAY, of patent pill reputation, is going to build an insane asylum in England, at a cost of £100,000, to accommodate a few of his patrons.

OUR Minister at Athens and the King of Greece are said to be boon companions, walking, driving and dining together five days out of the week.

COUNT ANDRASSY, the Austrian Prime Minister, has been placed at the head of the Hungarian landwehr. His promotion was in the regular order of rank.

MR. THURLOW WEED is reported to have given up smoking, being convinced by half a century's experience thereof that it is a remarkably slow poison.

THE University of Wisconsin at Madison has lately received for its library about 400 volumes from Norway, the result of a concert given for the purpose last May by Ole Bull.

WASHINGTON society will lose, this season, Señor Garcia, Minister from the Argentine Republic, and his wife, the handsomest couple in the diplomatic corps. They will go to Europe for six months.

THE resignation of Judge Nelson, of the Supreme Court, has been accepted by the President, and Ward Hunt, of New York, appointed to the vacancy, and has been confirmed by the Senate.

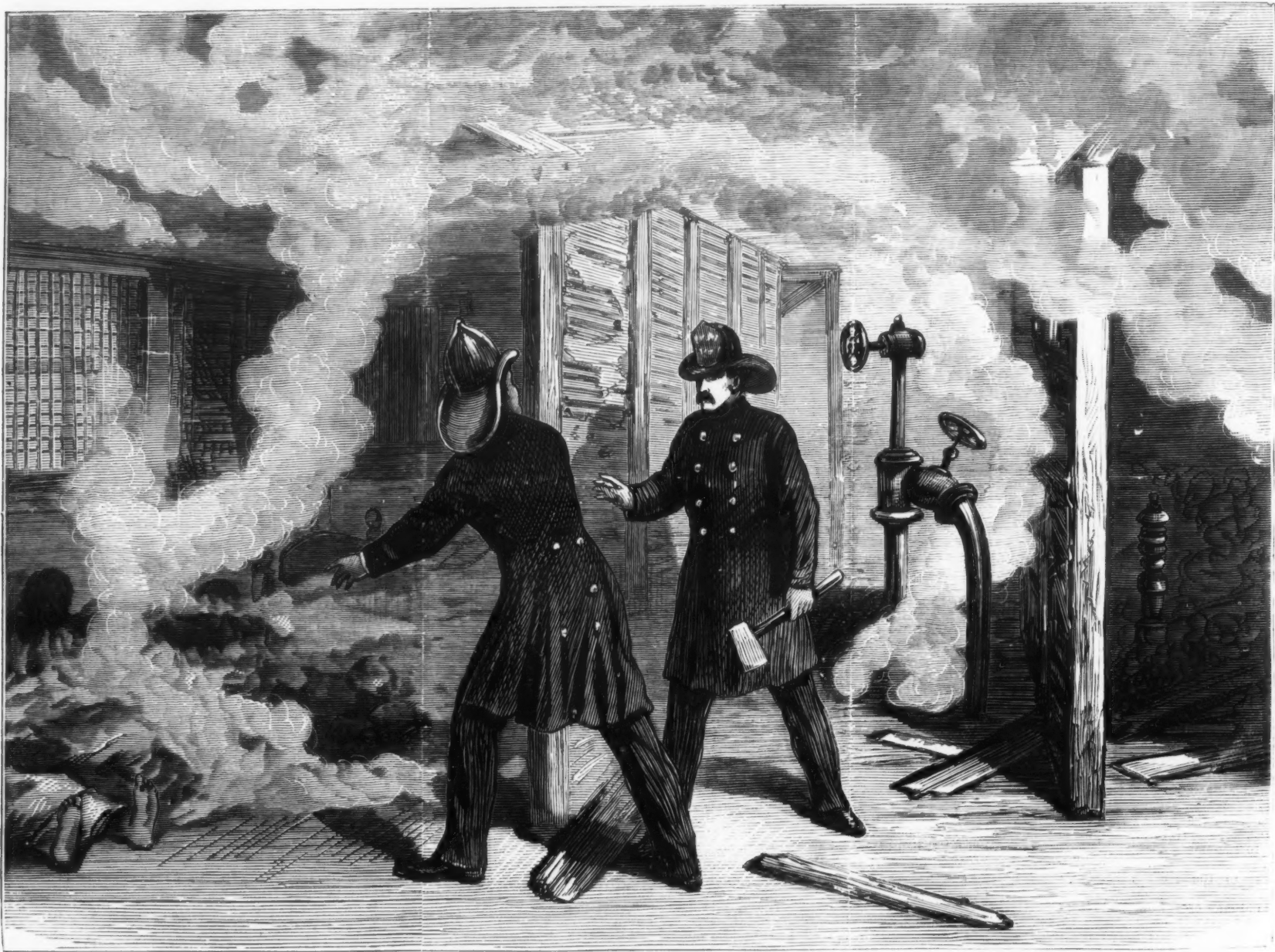
ONCE upon a time, the De Courcy was one of the noblest and most powerful families of France. The motto of their coat of arms was: "I am no King; I disdain being a Duke; I am De Courcy." The last descendant died a few days ago; he was one of the street-sweepers of Paris.

HENRY WILSON is the eleventh Senator who has been elected Vice-President, the others having been Aaron Burr, John C. Calhoun, Richard M. Johnson, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, George M. Dallas, William R. King, John C. Breckinridge, Hannibal Hamlin, and Andrew Johnson.

JESSE HUNT, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Baltimore, died on the 8th inst., aged 80 years. He had been twice Mayor of Baltimore—in 1832 and 1834—City Register for five terms, several years a member of the Legislature, and President of the Eutaw Savings Bank from 1847 until his death.

"PLOX-PLOX" and his wife, the amiable Princess Clothilde, are living quietly at Milan, enjoying the sympathy excited by their recent expulsion from France, and exchanging frequent visits with Prince Umberto, the heir-apparent of the Italian crown, and his wife, who reside in the royal castle in Monza.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL CATASTROPHE—THE DISCOVERY OF THE CHARRED REMAINS OF THE VICTIMS IN THE SERVANTS' DORMITORY.—SEE PAGE 259.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL CATASTROPHE—REMOVING THE DÉBRIS, THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE SERVANTS' DORMITORY, TO THE LOOF, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.





"SWEEP AWAY THE PAST."  
SUMNER



## IN DEEP SORROW.

SAD is my song to-night, and brief as sad,  
For my long-suffering heart is fit to break;  
Do what I will, the one glad note I had  
I cannot, cannot wake.

Grief, that for many and many a season past  
I have repressed, though oft so sorely tried,  
Breaks in upon me, wave on wave, at last,  
And will not be denied.

Two troublous figures will arise upon  
And float before my sight, whate'er I do;  
One is my tearful Past, my Future one,  
And that is tearful, too!

## "WRECKED!"

OR,

## THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

## CHAPTER XIX.—MRS. BELLEROSE REVISITS THE CHATEAU.

THERESE, stalking grimly, on some trivial errand from the invalid's room, through the corridor leading past the apartment dedicated to the use of the notary, was, if such a thing were possible, startled by the face of the notary suddenly emerging from the curtained doorway, and regarding her with a grin which was rendered truly saturnine by the yellow and crimsoned light which poured in from the lofty window of Munich glass at the end of the passage. The *carafe* which she carried rattled on the salver, and with a bitter look, in which hate and terror were strangely mingled, the dumb woman was passing on, when the thin fingers of Bouchon were suddenly extended, and clutched her thin but muscular arm so unexpectedly that she started violently.

A look of triumph sparkled in the ferret eyes of Bouchon. He seemed about to speak, when a door was thrown open, and Madame Bouchon appeared.

Now, it was one of the idiosyncrasies of Madame, that no woman was too old, too ugly or too wicked to enchain the heart of the notary; and here, a confirmation of her as yet unrealized ideas, stood the notary, grasping the arm of Therese, and his lips in so close a proximity to her wrinkled visage, as could but admit of one interpretation.

The cheeks of the good Margaton blazed until they outluminated the ruby-colored light flooding the corridor; her eyes sparkled, and the nostrils of her somewhat *retroussée* nose inflated themselves like those of an animal which scents an approaching fire.

The notary, who was not unaware of the jealous temperament of his wife, and so was prepared for the wrath which this scene was likely to evoke, dropped the arm of Therese, hurriedly, and with a humorous sense of his ludicrous position, glanced slyly at Madame.

To his astonishment, her wrath did not, as usual, find vent in words. It is true that her countenance was eloquent of her supposed wrongs, but some pressing subject of interest, for the moment, held them in abeyance.

Darting as withering a glance on the old and wrinkled Therese as though she had been a rosy-armed Hebe, Madame loftily addressed her husband:

"If monsieur can spare a moment from his *pursuits*, which no one will deny are sufficiently charming, he may be interested in hearing that the travelling-carriage of Milord Rosclerra arrives at this moment up the avenue."

Having spoken thus, Madame sallied off in one direction, followed by the notary, while Therese made her way hastily from the corridor, in another.

In the meantime, the carriage rolled slowly up to the chief entrance of the chateau, and Dorion sprang out, assisted Julie to alight, and then almost lifted Mrs. Bellerose from the vehicle.

The change which a few weeks had made in the appearance of the latter was painful and startling, and fully accounted for the air of gloom which hung over the little party.

Julie was pale, grave and abstracted, and the smile usually lurking archly round Rosetta's red lips was quite wanting. A faint tinge rose to the cheek of Mrs. Bellerose, as her eye glanced over the chateau, mellow as some old painting in the evening sunlight, and a remembrance of the dear, happy days when she and her elder sister, the former Comtesse Soulanges, had lingered at this hour on the wide terraces, evidently rose before her, for a softened and pensive expression, for an instant, usurped the wild and nervous glance which of late had distinguished her.

To Dorion the quaint, rich scene was perfectly new; and as the balmy air and cloudless sky saluted his senses, he turned with a brighter glance to Julie, who stood silently at his side.

"I think this bright spot will work wonders for my mother!" he said, hopefully, yet questioningly.

Julie, whose eyes were fixed vacantly, yet mournfully, on the sunny park, started from her brief reverie, and made some hurried reply, wide of his remark, and then busied herself in superintending the removal of their luggage into the chateau, while Dorion introduced himself and his mother to Monsieur and Madame Bouchon, in French, of which Madame, who bowed and smiled, with genuine good-will beaming from her rosy face, understood at least every tenth word.

Mrs. Bellerose, attended by the notary and his wife (the latter, as she departed, casting an unfavorable glance at the blooming and pretty Rosetta), entered the chateau, and was immediately conducted to the apartments made ready for her, while Dorion remained on the terrace, watching Rosetta and the servants removing the luggage.

Julie leant against the marble balustrade of the terrace, exchanging cordial greetings with

several old servants, who made every imaginable excuse for appearing at the moment, in order to welcome their "*chère mam'selle*;" and it was curious to notice how their dim eyes and withered faces sparkled and brightened as they regarded her.

Fanchon and Pierre were there, also, to be greeted reverentially, as people who had seen the world; but, while Pierre adopted a lofty air suited to his position as a traveler, Fanchon lost herself in a torrent of ejaculations and brief thanksgivings at finding herself once more amongst her own people.

Nevertheless, with a secret longing to impress them with proper sentiments of deference, she had pressed down over her stiff cap a huge bonnet, of pale green satin, of the fashion of half a century ago, with a red plume of imposing length waving in like an oriflamme, the effect of which was truly laughable.

Rosetta, on the other side of the carriage, received from the courier, who stood in the rumble, bonnet-boxes, which she wished herself to carry into the house. As she awaited them, her upraised eyes wandered admiringly over the *façade* of the building, visible above the carriage.

Her glance traveling downward, rested on a lofty window, through which a company of roses looked out at the sunshine, which lay in quivering pathways and broken morsels on the lawns and in the woods; at the same moment she uttered so sharp a cry that the courier nearly fell from his perch, and many voices demanded what had happened.

Rosetta emerged from behind the carriage into the view of those on the terrace, her cheeks flushed to that painful crimson which suffering or sudden agitation produces in some, and her right hand holding her handkerchief tightly round her left.

"It is nothing," she said, hurrying past Julie, who would have detained her. "That stupid Gustave made me scratch my wrist on a projecting nail."

Gustave, from the rumble, apologized with a bewildered countenance; and Julie, with a little wave of her hand to Dorion, followed the girl into the house.

"Find that nail and have it removed," said Dorion, as he turned away; and Gustave felt more bewildered than ever, when, after a patient search, no such thing was to be discovered.

"Let me see this scratch," said Julie, kindly, overtaking Rosetta in the hall.

"It is nothing," said Rosetta, almost shortly, and turning away with so determined an air, that Julie drew back, and joined Dorion, who stood looking at the rich carvings and stained-glass windows with which this portion of the building was decorated.

"Do you think that our French châteaux compare favorably with your lofty English castles?" she said, smiling. "Come, let me do the honors of the house."

Rosetta followed Fanchon silently through the sunny galleries, the polished oak floors of which, black as ebony with age, reflected, like quiet and motionless pools, the surrounding objects, and was ushered into a chamber hung with pink, and overlooking an artificial lake, on which a company of swans floated, their snowy bosoms turning to rose in the blushing sunset.

In former days, ladies with powdered tresses and brocades of brilliant dyes, borne in gilded shallops, had, in the taste of the age, represented on its placid bosom the delities of the distant ocean, while Neptune and Tritons, brave in lace ruffles and flowing wigs, had warbled in their dainty ears love-songs not altogether unimpassioned.

Up to the very window at which Rosetta now stood had once, at dead of night, clambered by the trailing rose-vines a gay young soldier, to find himself received, as he sprang in through the casement left open by appointment, on the point of the cruel and sharp rapier of Monsieur le Comte, instead of in the white arms of the faithless comtesse. His corpse rushed down headlong, his blood dyeing the pallid roses scarlet as the dead weight tore through them; and tradition asserted that ever afterward the blossoms on that vine had opened their snowy bosoms to the sun faintly streaked with ominous red.

It was not now the season of roses, and Rosetta had never heard the legend, but her countenance was curiously troubled, as, with her back to Fanchon, she leant against the window, vaguely conscious that she was garulously explaining to her, as she bustled hither and thither arranging the toilet, that this was the apartment of *mam'selle*, not so fine or so grand as many other chambers in the chateau, but charming and simple, as befitting a young lady of the exalted rank of *mam'selle*, who owed it to society to show that her family was not of the new nobility; vaguely conscious of this, but never for a moment freed from a haunting idea which possessed her suddenly and mysteriously.

It was Rosetta's office to wait on Mrs. Bellerose, so Fanchon immediately conducted her to the apartment of the latter, who was lying on a couch drawn close to the window, looking out over the sunny prospect and listening with vague attention to Madame Bouchon, who, leaning on the covered back of an antique *prie-dieu* chair, was relating the circumstances which had domiciled Therese and her charge under the roof of the chateau.

"A strange being is Therese," said Madame, eying Rosetta strongly as she entered the room; "as ugly as a withered walnut, and yet—"

A reminiscence of the scene she had interrupted in the corridor rose before Madame and deprived her of the power of concluding her speech. A convulsive movement of her plump throat and a sudden flushing of her rosy visage concluded it.

Her eyes flashed suspiciously on Rosetta, who gazed at her in astonishment, and Mrs.

Bellerose being fatigued with her journey, Madame withdrew in order that she might take the repose necessary, in her weak state, before dinner.

There were yet some hours of daylight, and Julie, descending from her apartment, found it so dull in the quiet, sunny rooms, that she sought the open air in order to dissipate the feeling of *ennui* which clung to her.

For a time she paced the terraces, renewing her old acquaintance with the peacocks strutting in the sun, and feeding them with *bonbons* from her rosy palm; but the sweet gaiety of heart which had formerly surrounded her was wanting, and, tiring of this occupation, she turned her steps in the direction of the park, and, losing herself in reverie, her feet bore her unconsciously forward until her dress caught on a projecting branch, and she awoke to the fact that she had strayed into a wild and unfrequented portion of the grounds, where it lost its character of cultivation, and assumed the wild and deserted aspect of a forest.

Before her, nearly covered with as yet leafless vines of thickly-clinging parasites, stood a cottage, so completely seized upon by decay, that its walls of crumbling stone seemed actually but bound together by the cordlike tendrils thrown over them in every direction. Up to its ruined doorway crept a straggling undergrowth of bushes, mingled with the waving plumes of lofty fern, faded to a sickly green by the touch of Winter, and from its eaves hung the deserted nests of swallows. The lofty trees overshadowed it, and the flecks of sunlight, falling through the swaying bows, touched its ruinous roof and falling walls; but instead of quivering on them like living gems, as those walls and strays of the jolly sun love to do, they lost themselves in the gray moss mantling the damp stones, and faded into patches of ghostly white. The cottage lay low, and a hardly perceptible mist continually hung darkly round it, lending to its outlines a certain indistinctness.

The silence brooding there was more startling than the loudest roar of a cataract. One's heart beat in that spot thickly and rapidly, and a sudden sound, the crackling of a dry and rotten bough, or the light bound of a passing deer, brought the blood rushing to one's head in a blinding and deafening whirl.

Julie was not unfamiliar with the scene, but a certain emotion of dismay struck her motionless, as it flashed on her that she was alone in this badly reputed solitude, at this late hour. The horrible legends connected with the ruin rose before her, and, despite a certain lofty courage of which she usually found herself possessed, she shivered and glanced timorously at the broken gaps which represented casements, as though she half expected the ghastly face of the old Forester to glare out on her from the inner darkness. This was but for a moment, and, laughing a little audibly, musical laugh at her sudden cowardice, she continued walking toward the cottage, as a kind of defiance to her momentary terror.

"I have half a mind to enter and explore," she paused, and looked again at the building, her charming chin raised a little, and her rich blue eyes glancing from under their long lashes with a demure and humorous gaiety. She was now quite close to the building, which seemed to grow more weird and sombre as her brilliant little form, like a ray of unwonted light, approached it, and a warm flush of interest and amusement banished the gravity which sat now usually on her face.

"Behold an adventure," she said, aloud, in a tone of mock heroics. "It is left to Julie Soulanges to exorcise the ghost of the Forester, restore the cottage to its pristine and commonplace prettiness, and establish in it Fanchon and Pierre, who will rear bees and roses in its garden. *En avant, Julie!*"

She took a step forward, and then, to her intense horror, as though summoned by her words from the infernal regions, from the shadows within, a hideous face suddenly appeared, peering with red and threatening eyes almost into her face.

For a moment the eyes glared stolidly and unwinking into hers, and then as suddenly disappeared, and, with a cry of terror, Julie turned and fled, her nerves completely unstrung by the suddenness of the apparition.

She regained, she knew not how, the path from which she had strayed, and, running blindly on as one in a sudden panic flees, she rushed into the arms of an old gentleman who was wandering slowly from the contrary direction, and who had been so profoundly buried in meditation as not to observe her swift approach until he clasped in his arms a charming young person, with disordered golden hair flowing over her velvet jacket, and a face as colorless as the snowy wing in her hat.

"*Ciel, monsieur!*" stammered Julie, endeavoring to free herself from the arms of the old gentleman. "A thousand pardons. But monsieur will at once perceive that I did not see him!"

Monsieur, who was a deeply bronzed old gentleman, with white hair and beard, blue glasses, the hammer of a geologist in his hand, and a leathern bag of specimens on his shoulder, was as much confused as Julie, who, blushing like a seashell, poured out a torrent of explanations and apologies, to which he listened with a bewildered air.

"I was so foolish as to be alarmed by the sudden appearance of a frightful face," she said, paling again at the recollection, "in a place I imagined deserted; but it must have been one of the boys of the neighborhood, who saw me go thither, and wished to frighten me."

"Was it not imprudent of a young lady like mademoiselle to venture so far alone at this late hour?" remarked the old geologist, in a voice not the most melodious, and which trembled with the uncertain tones of age. "But," he continued, swinging the hammer ominously, "if mademoiselle will permit me the honor of conducting her to her residence, I will return, and

endeavor to discover and warn the perpetrator of this insolence not to repeat it."

With her usual grace, Julie explained that the chateau was close at hand, and, declining the old gentleman's offer of redress and escort, she tripped away with a smile and bow which must have been bewitching, even through the unromantic medium of blue spectacles, for her form had lost itself in the misty twilight ere the geologist, still swinging his hammer, turned round slowly and resumed his path.

For some reason inexplicable to herself, Julie Soulanges refrained from mentioning her adventure to any of the family, but when Rosetta was brushing her hair, preparatory to retiring for the night, she gave her a minute detail of the incident, drawing a vivid verbal sketch of the mysterious face, and archly imitating the voice and manner of the chivalrous geologist.

Rosetta listened with an eager interest that delighted Julie not a little, and asked so many questions on the subject, that Julie laughingly accused her of being anxious to seek the adventure herself, an imputation the waiting-maid did not attempt to deny.

"Apropos of adventures," said Julie, springing to her feet, "Madame Bouchon has invited me to visit the apartment of this mysterious *protégée* of hers. It is not very late, so we will go there at once;" and, drawing Rosetta with her, Julie, like a sprightly little ghost in her flowing white *peignoir*, glided softly through the moonlit corridor, and knocked softly at the door of the Blue Chamber.

"*Entrez!*" said the voice of Madame Bouchon, but not in its usually placid tones.

## CHAPTER XX.—"THE GARLAND OF BACCHUS."

MONSIEUR THE GEOLOGIST resided at a tiny roadside *auberge* called "The Garland of Bacchus," bearing on its swinging sign-board a rustic representation of the jolly god seated on a cask of "Château Soulanges," and crowned with vine-leaves, which conveyed to one's mind the idea of cabbage-leaves. A huge lime-tree stood opposite the rude porch, with iron staples driven into its trunk, to which the horses of wayfarers were attached who entered the *auberge* to rest and refresh themselves, and in the leafy Summer its leaves and middle branches quivered and rustled confidentially against the topmost windows of the building—small casements, which sprang abruptly from the gray thatched roof as though impelled by a sudden curiosity to hear the secrets of the lime-tree, and which twinkled and sparkled like jewels in the sun, or like bright young eyes in a head silvered with age, and kept thus brilliant by the activity of Marianne and Jeanne and Fifine, who clattered unceasingly about the house and courtyard in huge *sabots*, and were by turns all things—hostlers, grooms, *femmes-de-chambre* and cooks, and priestesses at the shrine of Bacchus, when, as often happened, their master, the host of the *auberge*, the worthy Chevaux, was attending to his vineyards, or disporting himself jovially at the *fetes* of the village, as recorded by the amiable Vantage.

Monsieur the Geologist was a new arrival, and as the rustics were unaccustomed to the spectacle of elderly gentlemen careering over the country in wild pursuit of fluttering butterflies, which they never caught, or carrying home huge fragments of rock in their pockets, he was surveyed with a lively curiosity which he found embarrassing, and from which he hid himself by taking long and solitary rambles about the neighborhood, and retiring after his supper to an apartment under the thatch, the wall of which was hung with festoons of large onions and immense sausages, which, being dried previously in the wide chimney in the kitchen, rattled when touched or swayed by a draft of air.

"The Garland of Bacchus" did not profess to provide permanent lodging, and it was quite in the nature of things that the only available guest-chamber should be pervaded by the kitchen, as the kitchen in turn assumed the air of a dormitory by reason of a huge oaken press, in which, after the labors of the day, the weary Marianne, Jeanne and Fifine reposed themselves; and as the onions and the sausages lent rather a heavy perfume to the apartment, Monsieur the Geologist let in the mild air through his open casement, with an utter disregard of rheumatism or any other ailment which his venerable appearance might entitle him to dread, and the voices of mellow rustics on the oaken benches beneath, as they drank and sang and gossiped, lulled him to sleep, coming clearly up through the open window, or woke him in the gray morning as they drove their heavy wains, drawn by slow-paced oxen, along the stony road, if not earlier roused by Marianne, Jeanne or Fifine knocking at his door, to entreat monsieur to have the "inexpressible amiability" to hand them some of the sausages and onions, which were found necessary for culinary purposes.

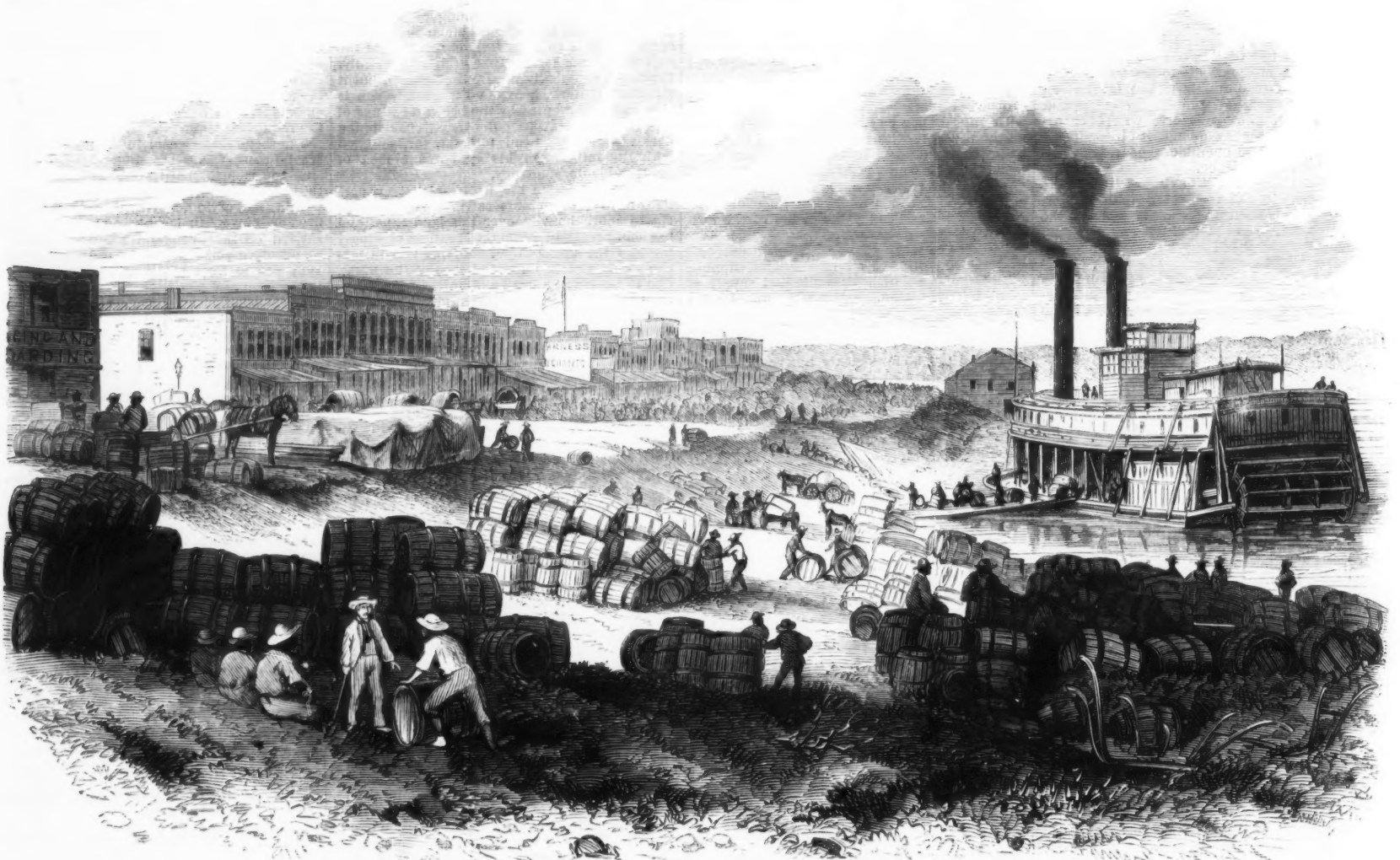
"The Garland of Bacchus" was owned by the respectable Chevaux, and yet stood under the shadow of the Soulanges property, to which it had once belonged, and, as a natural consequence, it frequently occurred that the men-servants at the chateau found their way at evening-tide to the oaken benches and enticing flagons presided over by the swinging Bacchus, and joined their voices to the choruses shouted forth lustily by their rustic acquaintances, or flirted *con amore* with the vivacious Fifine or mild-eyed Jeanne. Amongst the frequenters of the tiny *auberge*, Pierre was a person of considerable importance, and though he never joined in the revelry, but listened to their songs and jests with the impenetrable aspect of a wooden image, when conversation turned into deeper channels the oracle spoke.

He had lived in Paris as a *valet* to Monsieur le Comte for many years, and knew the world; and Paris being France, of course any one who had not been there knew nothing of his country. Except in his presence the jovial rustics of the neighborhood were somewhat apt to forget any other portion of the earth than their









LOUISIANA.—VIEW OF THE LEVEE AT SHREVEPORT—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTEN OLSEN.

## MR. J. F. SMITH.

**JOHN FREDERICK SMITH**, novelist and dramatic author, is the youngest son of a family well known and respected in the County of Norfolk, England. His first literary production—"The Liege of Colchester," was written at the suggestion of one of his earliest friends—the late Sir Henry Smith, Bart.

He afterward produced "Francis the First," at Drury Lane Theatre. "The Court of Old Fritz," at the Olympic (under the management of Madame Vestris), in which the elder Farren represented the two very opposite characters of *Frederick the Great* and *Voltaire*.

In 1849, he commenced the series of tales in the *London Journal* which have rendered his name so popular. They have been translated into French, German and Italian, and republished in various styles, in serials and in book-form, in the United States.

He also collected considerable material for *Cassell's History of England*, and wrote all the early portion of the work down to the reign of Edward I.

Mr. Smith was educated by the Rev. Henry Bowles, and counts amongst his schoolfellows, Sir James Paget, Bart., the distinguished surgeon to the Queen; Dr. Thurtell, late Dean of Cairns—4th wrangler; and other eminent men in Science, Church and State.

He is a member of several foreign societies, and of the Cambridge Garrick Club, to which Lord Lytton, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Sheridan Knowles, and the great actor Macready, were elected, the same year.

In conjunction with his uncle, Dr. Cruikshank, he founded the original *Freemason's Quarterly Review*, the entire profits of which were generously devoted to establishing an asylum for aged Masons. For several years Mr. Smith has ceased to take part in the affairs of the brotherhood, in consequence, we presume, of the Bull of Excommunication against it, issued by the present Pope, who was himself initiated into the Order in Sicily, when an officer of the *Guarda Nobile*. It is stated, by those who know him well, that Mr. Smith possesses great talents as a reader and elocutionist. Possibly the public of New York may have an opportunity of judging of them before his return to Europe.

We are happy to add that a new novel by this favorite author has just commenced in *FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER*, and that it is admitted to be one of his happiest efforts. Those who wish sterling enjoyment should at once read "Hard to Win."

## THE LEVEE AT SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.

**SHREVEPORT**, with a population of about ten thousand inhabitants, ranks next to New Orleans in importance. Its commercial value may be estimated from the fact that, during the past year, it shipped over one hundred thousand bales of cotton, besides an immense quantity of cattle, hides, wool, and peltries.

The view in our engraving represents an exciting and animating scene on the Levee—the removal, to the different stores and warehouses, of the immense quantities of freight just discharged from one of the Carter line of steamboats proceeding to St. Louis.

The Texas Pacific Railroad, having its eastern terminus here, carries a great portion of this Western freight seventy-five miles out to Longview, Texas, where it connects with the International Road, now nearly complete to Galveston.

That as good and refined society can be found there as in any other place of its size, is evinced by the large number of churches and excellent schools.

A Board of Trade, composed of the best citizens, guards, with jealous care, its commercial interests, inviting and answering all inquiries as to commerce, resources, etc.

The climate is healthy. There is a spirit of Western vim and go-aheadism about the place. Already three miles of street railroads are in

operation. Shreveport has its banks, building associations, foundries, oil-works, ice-works, carriage-shops, steam compressing cotton-presses, gas-works, beer-packery, fair-grounds and nurseries of trees, flowers and evergreens; and when the several lines of railroads now in course of construction, and centring here, are completed, it will become a large city.

## PAWNBROKERS.

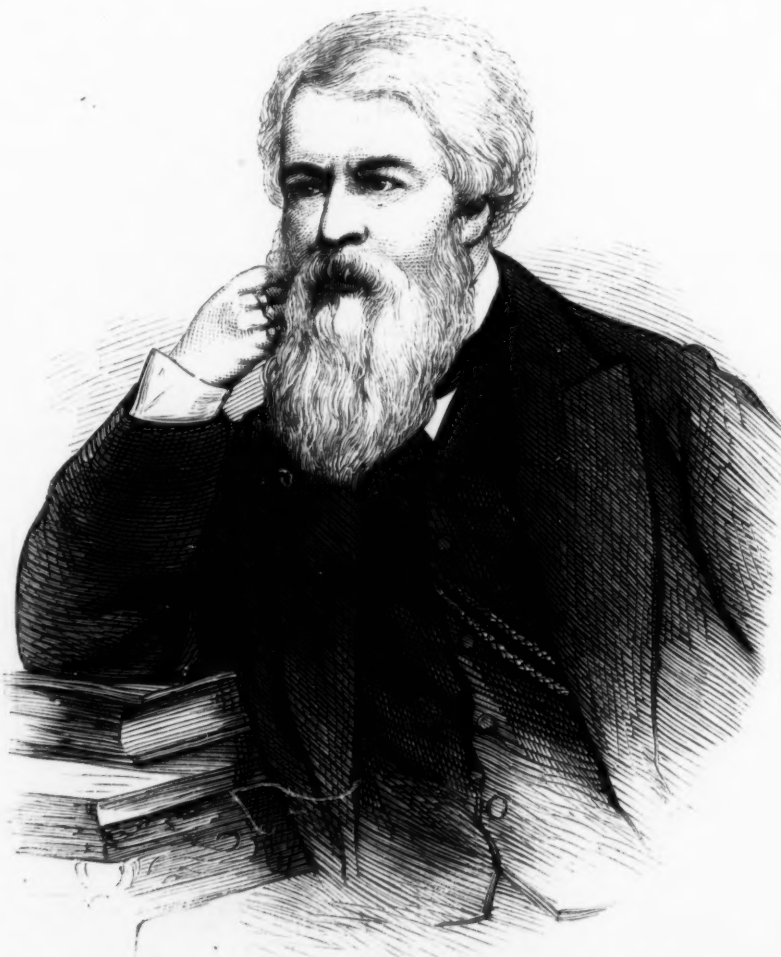
**F**ROM the very necessities of humanity, or the fact that those in embarrassed pecuniary circumstances have, from time immemorial, been constrained, occasionally, to relieve themselves at almost any cost, the pre-

cise date of the inception of pawnbroking must be lost in the most remote antiquity.

The Chinese, it is alleged, have had for ages institutions answering, in some degree, to that of the *Mont de Piété*, so well known throughout continental Europe at the present day, and which was founded, it is averred, in the twelfth century, by a charitable association under the sanction of Pope Innocent III., with a view to delivering the needy from the oppressive exactions to which they were subjected by Jewish and Lombard money-lenders.

The word "pawn" is from the Latin *pignus*, meaning any article of personal property placed in pledge; and hence the name, pawnbroker. The first establishments in this relation known in England were opened by some Lombard or Italian bankers for the relief of temporary distress. The greatest of the Lombards were the celebrated Florentine family, the Medici, who bore pills upon their shield, as indicative of their original calling, from which their name seems to have been derived; and, as these pills were gilt, as was usual at the period, they subsequently found expression in three golden balls, used by the agents of this family, as money-lenders, not only in England, but in other countries also. So that here we find the origin of the sign so well known to the poor and needy of almost every civilized tongue and clime; and which has attracted the suggestive crowd that throngs the interior of the establishment so graphically illustrated in our present number.

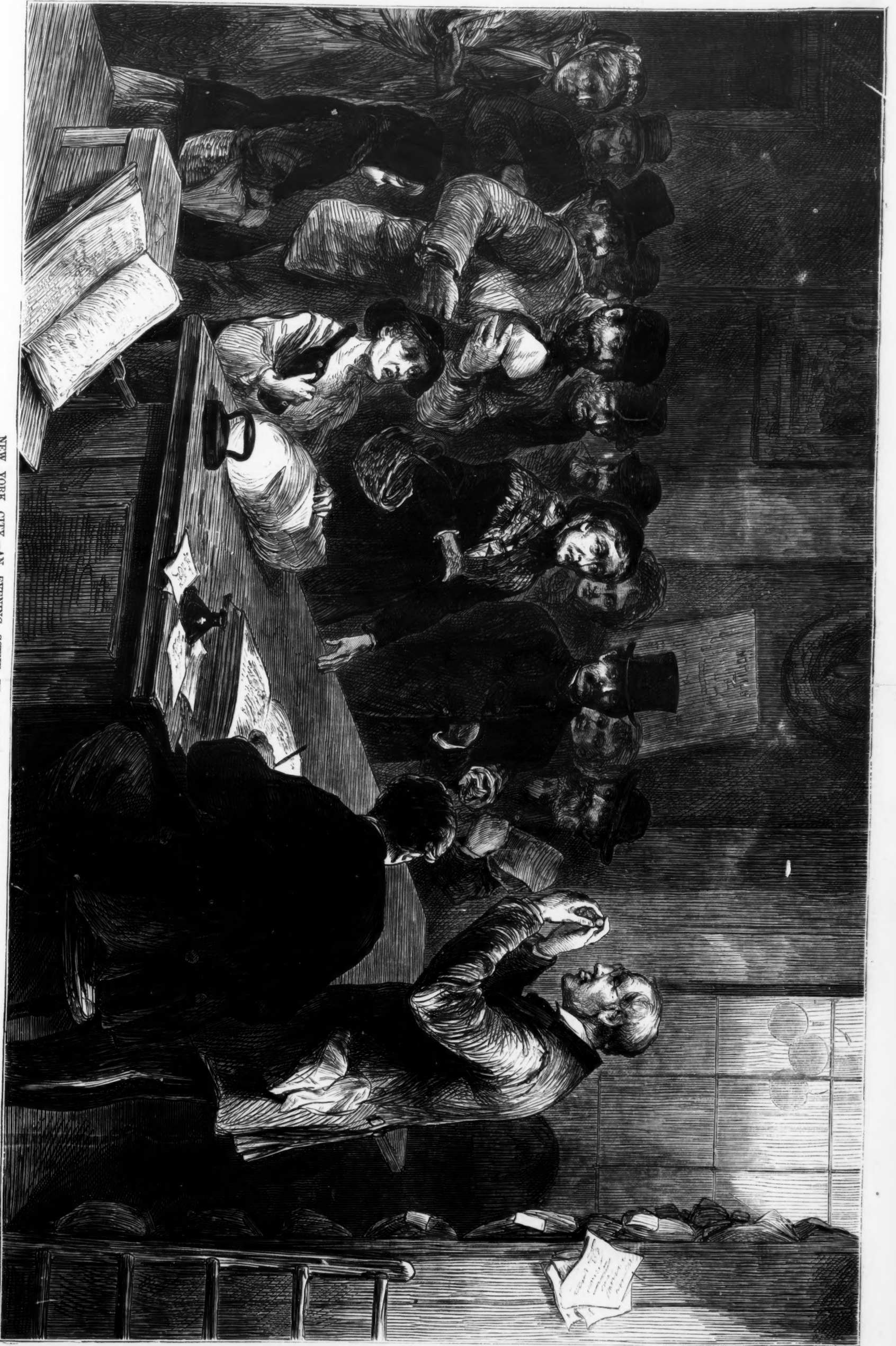
Although we are not prepared to denounce all who are engaged in this calling, and are aware that it is carried on under the sanction of law, yet the sad experiences attaching to it, and the various secret opportunities of oppression at its command, have long rendered it an object of both distaste and distrust to society. "Twenty-five per cent. per annum," which has been found printed on the tickets of certain establishments here, although a high rate of interest, is said not to represent fairly the receipts of the owners, who, as it is alleged, exact a much higher figure in transactions where any considerable sum of money is at stake. This latter may be true or false; but who that glances at our engraving can avoid recognizing its fidelity to all they have heard or read on the subject? What a study of faces—from the poor degraded wretch who stands by the bundle and the smoothing-iron, that are to fill the empty whisky-bottle clasped to his breast, to the high priest of the den, who, with cold, calculating features, and hard gray eyes, scrutinizes the ring he holds between his eager fingers, and upon which he is asked to lend a very trifle. Here we perceive nothing but the evidences of poverty, dissipation, or distress. Young and old, high and low, feel themselves, on this dire platform, reduced to a common level. All find themselves clutched alike in the same iron grasp, and await with quickened pulses and bated breath the inexorable decision of the grim inquisitor. It is, however, cheering to reflect that the necessities of the poor and most of the middle classes of this free and prosperous country are not so generally urgent as to throw them constantly into the arms of the pawnbroker; but, that large amounts are wrong periodically from the poor and needy, by the usurers who belong to this class of money-lenders, no one will pretend to deny. And yet, until we have some State institution of the kind, they must continue to exist.



MR. J. F. SMITH, AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL" ETC., AND OF "HARD TO WIN," JUST BEGUN IN THE "CHIMNEY CORNER."



NEW YORK CITY.—AN EVENING SCENE IN A POPULAR PAWNBROKERS SHOP.





## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FAST friend—The electric telegraph.  
A LEGAL conveyance—A convict ship.  
THE LAW of fox-hunting—Lex tally-ho-nis.  
SUBSTITUTE for sea-bathing—Write C, and dash underneath it.

THE lever which disturbs the balance of society—The ticket-of-leaver.

COMMERCIAL—The traveler for a large house is not necessarily a journey-man.

METAPHYSICAL—A man bound up in an idea is a good illustration of the rapidity of thought.

TO POULTRY-FANCIERS—Is there more than a fancied difference between a guinea-fowl and a sovereign?

WHY is Herne Bay like a burglar's swag?—Because it isn't his'n. (Don't you see? It's Herne; consequently not His'n.)

ANOTHER advantage of the underground railway—Its shortness. Every distance on it, however great, will be always under a mile.

It must have been with infinite amusement that Henry Ward Beecher, during a late vacation, heard one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the divine, and said: "That was a fair discourse; how long did it take you to write it?" "Oh, I tossed it off one evening when I had leisure," was the reply. "Indeed!" said Mr. Beecher. "It took me much longer than that to think out the very framework of the sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" "I am," was the reply. "Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is, that I ain't ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

We heard a man describe one of the peculiarities of a friend, the other day, in terms substantially as follows: "Squire! Oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning and find that the house you lodge in has been moved half a mile during the night by the respiratory vehemence of a fellow-lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performances. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his bed around; but the neighbors are beginning to raise objections, and an anchor has been sent for. I'll bet the house or the anchor will give way, though, the first time he turns on the steam. And you ought to hear him grit his teeth! It sounds like a bone-mill crushing the backbone of an elephant. But he has such a pleasant way of hoping you rested well, when he meets you at breakfast, that you cannot bear malice against him."

## WATCH REGULATORS.

The United States Watch Co. (Giles, Wales & Co., of Marion, Jersey City, N. J., are distancing all competitors. They now employ some 600 hands, making 300 of their celebrated Watches daily, and have recently issued a new Trade Price List of their productions, high, in addition to the extensive line of full plate movements heretofore manufactured by them, embraces four new models and sizes of 1/4-Plate and 1/2-Plate and Bridge movements, viz. 1-10, English size (Ladies'); 14, size (for Boys and Young Gents), and 15 and 18 sizes, all of which are made in all the different grades and trade-marks of the full plates, both brass and nickel, stem and key winding, the 10 and 16 sizes being 18,000 trains, and all with the Straight Line Lever Escapement Visible Pallet Jewels, making a line of goods which, for variety of sizes, styles and range of qualities, exceed the combined production of all the other watch factories of America, were they all placed together under one roof, while for beauty of design, elegance of finish, including the beautiful damaskeening process (a secret known only to this Company), they stand unapproached. The extraordinary record of these Watches as fine time-keepers, in the pockets of the American public, including many of the leading men of our city, K. R. Engineers, Conductors, Expressmen, and others whose occupation renders it absolutely necessary they should have the most accurate time, speaks volumes—in fact, renders further comment on that point superfluous, and readily accounts for the Company being unable, with all their facilities to keep pace with the rapidly increasing demand for their popular goods.

It has remained for this Company to supply two serious wants, long felt by both dealer and consumer, but which have heretofore been unattained; one of which is a Patent Reversible Barrel, to prevent damage to the train, in case of breaking the main-spring. This (which they now put in all their Watches), is quite an ingenious contrivance, extremely simple, and so arranged that it is always free and ready to act, even though the Watch may have run for years, unlike other appliances for similar purposes, which, after the Watch has been wound a few times, become set and entirely useless, so far as accomplishing the purpose intended. The other is a Patent Double Index Regulator, beautiful in design and finish, while in novelty of construction and the results obtained, it is a little wonder, and we are sure will be hailed with delight, not only by our watch-wearers, who appreciate fine time, but by the seller, who, with the old style of regulator, is often exceedingly annoyed (even with Watches that are otherwise fine), and, in fact, is often unable, even after repeated trials, and consuming much time, to touch the regulator fine enough for a small variation, getting it first too far one way, and then too far the other, back and forth, and forward, sometimes for months—while this ingenious and Index Plates combined, the main one of which (without disturbing the other in the least) operates exactly the same as an ordinary regulator, and is used the same for the purpose of what is called coarse regulating, or bringing the Watch to very near correct time; then, when it becomes necessary to touch extremely light for a slight variation, the finer indicator is used—the turning of which the entire length of the Index Plate only moves the main Regulator one degree. This is the first and only thing of the kind ever offered the trade or the public, where a combination has been made of a main Regulator for ordinary regulating, with a fine Regulator capable of meeting the smallest variation, all in one.

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This House makes a specialty of Stem Winders, for which they own patents, and the mechanism of which, for simplicity, durability, strength and smoothness of action, excels anything yet produced, either at home or abroad, and is becoming quite a feature in the trade—so much so, that prominent dealers predict that in less than five years there will be none but stem-winding watches sold. Nickel work, and damaskeened finish, with frosting and enameled, are also a specialty with them—they being the only Company making either Stem Winders or Nickel Works to any extent. Their enterprise and energy has placed them in the leading position, and their success and popularity is well deserved.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

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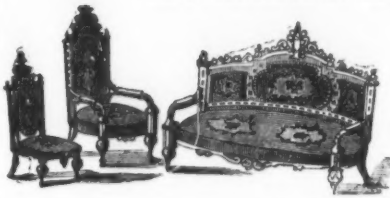
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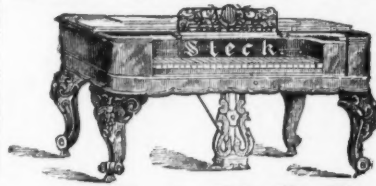
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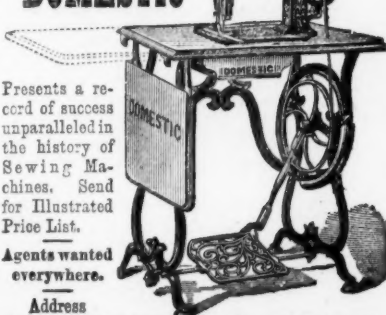
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